PALL MALL GAZETTE

An Evening Newspaper and Review.

No. 7430.—Vol. XLIX. *WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 9, 1889.* *Price One Penny.*

TO-NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENTS.

DRURY LANE.
(Augustus Harris, Lessee and Manager.)
TO-DAY, at 1.30 and 7.30, THE BABES IN THE WOOD. Messrs. Harry Nicholls, Herbert Campbell, C. Lauri, jun., Stevens, Leno, Griffiths Bros., Andrews, Inch, Pleon, Henderson, Stanley, Dezano, and Harry Payne; Mesdames Florence Dysart, Duggan, Mayer, ÆNEA, Grey, Charteris, Deering, and Harriet Vernon. Box-office open daily from 10 to 6.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
(Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree.)
TO-NIGHT, at 8.30 precisely, the new original Drama, by Mr. Haddon Chambers, entitled "CAPTAIN SWIFT." Mr. Tree, Mr. Macklin, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Fuller Mellish, Mr. Allan, Mr. Harwood, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Brookfield; Lady Monckton, Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss Cudmore, and Mrs. Tree. Preceded, at 7.50, by THE DUCHESS OF BAYSWATER AND CO. Doors open at 7.30. Box-office open daily, 10 till 5. MORNING PERFORMANCE SATURDAY, January 19, at 2.30.
SPECIAL MATINEES of THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, THIS DAY and EVERY WEDNESDAY, and (by special desire) on SATURDAY NEXT, January 12, at 2.30. Seats may now be booked.

LYCEUM THEATRE.
(Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Henry Irving.)
MACBETH, TO-NIGHT, at 7.45. Overture 7.40. Macbeth, Mr. Henry Irving; Lady Macbeth, Miss Ellen Terry. Messrs. Alexander, Wenman, Tyars, Webster, Howe, Haviland, Harvey, Johnson, Kaynor, Outram, Lacy, Archer, &c.; Misses Marriott, Seaman, Desborough, Coleridge, Ivor, &c. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 to 5. Seats can also be booked by letter or telegram. Carriages 11.—LYCEUM.

TOOLE'S THEATRE.
THE DON.—RETURN and REAPPEARANCE of Mr. J. L. TOOLE. EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Merivale's successful Comedy, THE DON. Mr. J. L. TOOLE, supported by powerful company. Preceded, at 7.45, by DEAF AS A POST. Doors open at 7.15. Prices as usual. Box-office open at 11 to 6.30. MORNING PERFORMANCE of THE DON, EVERY SATURDAY, at 2. Doors open at 1.30. THE DON, 214th representation To-night.

SAVOY THEATRE.
(Proprietor and Manager, R. D'Oyly Carte.)
TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, the New and Original Opera, in Two Acts, by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, entitled THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD; or, THE MERRYMAN AND HIS MAID. Preceded at 7.20 by MRS. JARRAMIE'S GENIE. Doors open at 7. MORNING PERFORMANCE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30. Doors open at 2. Box-office open continuously from 9 A.M. to 11 P.M.

ADELPHI THEATRE.
(A. and S. Gatti, Sole Proprietors and Managers.)
THIS EVENING, at 8.0, THE SILVER FALLS. Mr. William Terriss; Messrs. C. Cartwright, J. D. Beveridge, J. L. Shine, Royce Carleton, Bradley Turner, J. Carne, C. Eaton, James East, H. Russell; Mesdames Millward, O. Nethersole, G. Esmond, A. Dairolles, and Clara Jecks. At 7.15, Farce. MORNING PERFORMANCE SATURDAY NEXT, at 2.0.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.
(Mr. Thomas Thorne, Sole Lessee and Manager.)
THIS EVENING, at 8.30, JOSEPH'S SWEETHEART. 25th Time. Preceded at 7.30 by THE POET. Mr. Thomas Thorne; Messrs. William Rignold, Fred Thorne, Cyril Maude, J. S. Blythe, Scott Buist, F. Grove, Frank Gillmore, and Mr. H. B. Conway; Mesdames Gladys Homfrey, Annie Irish, M. A. Giffard, Banister, B. Harrison, Arnold, R. McNeill, Bowman, Adtercron, Maunder, and Winifred Emery.

GAIETY THEATRE.
THIS EVENING, at 7.30, FIRST MATE. At 8.30, FAUST UP TO DATE. Miss Florence St. John, Miss Violet Cameron, Miss Marie Illington, Miss Fanny Robina, Miss Jenny M'Nulty, Miss Lilian Price, Miss M. Jones, Miss F. Levey, Miss A. Young, Miss E. Greville, Miss M. Love; Mr. E. J. Lonnen, Mr. H. Parker, Mr. Charles Ross, Mr. E. Haslem, and Mr. George Stone.

TERRY'S THEATRE.
(Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Edward Terry.)
The safest Theatre in London, constructed entirely with concrete and iron absolutely fireproof, lighted throughout with electricity.
TO-NIGHT, at 8.30, SWEET LAVENDER, by A. W. Pinero. 238th Time. Messrs. Edward Terry, Alfred Bishop, Brandon Thomas, F. Kerr, H. Reeves Smith, Sant Matthews, Prince Miller; Mesdames M. A. Victor, Carlotta Addison, Maude Millett, and Blanche Horlock. Doors open at 8. Carriages 11. MATINÉE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30. Box-office open from 10 to 5. Telephone 6,705.—Acting Manager, Mr. H. T. Brickwell.

GLOBE THEATRE.
(Sole Lessee, Mr. Richard Mansfield.)
LAST THREE NIGHTS of PRINCE KARL. Mr. RICHARD MANSFIELD will appear TO-NIGHT, and Thursday and Friday nights at 8.45, for the last times as PRINCE KARL. Miss Beatrice Cameron as Florence. At 8, EDITHA'S BURGLAR. Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. D. H. Harkins, and Miss Nelly Bowman.
Mr. Richard Mansfield being ordered by his physician, Sir Morell Mackenzie, to cease work for a short time, has the honour to announce that (during his brief absence), commencing Saturday night and Every Evening,
SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER will be performed, Miss Kate Vaughan being specially engaged to play Miss Hardcastle, whilst Mr. Lionel Brough will appear as Tony Lumpkin.
RICHARD III., Shakspeare's tragedy, will be played at this theatre upon Mr. Mansfield's return.

STRAND THEATRE.
(Under the management of Mr. C. H. Hawtrey.)
(By arrangement with Mr. Willie Edouin.)
TO-NIGHT will be performed, a Burlesque in Three Acts, entitled ATALANTA, at 9 o'clock. Mr. George Capel, Mr. Tom Squire, Mr. Fleming Norton, Mr. W. F. Hawtrey, and Mr. Willie Warde; Miss Muriel Aubrey, Miss Carlotta Zerbini, Misses S. and G. Baring, and Miss Marie Linden. Preceded, at 8.10, by A HIGHLAND LEGACY, by Mr. Brandon Thomas. Box-office open from Ten to Five.

COURT THEATRE.
(Proprietors, Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Arthur Chudleigh.)
(Under the management of Mrs. John Wood.)
EVERY EVENING, at 9.0 (by arrangement with Mr. John Hare), LES SURPRISES DU DIVORCE, adapted by Sydney Grundy, and entitled MAMMA. 97th Performance. Preceded at 8 by BOX AND COX. Doors open 7.45. Box-office open 10 to 10. Telephone 3,031. EVERY AFTERNOON, at 2.30, LITTLE GOODY TWO SHOES. Special prices: Stalls, 7s. 6d.; dress circle, 5s.

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE, Shaftesbury Avenue.
(Proprietor, Mr. John Lancaster.)
THIS EVENING, at 7.45, A HUSBAND IN CLOVER. At 8.15, THE LADY OF LYONS. Miss Wallis, Mesdames Robertha Erskine, H. Leigh, Annie Rose; Messrs. Arthur Stirling, Bassett Roe, Allen Thomas, Matthew Brodie, Charles Arnold, Herberte Basing, George Seldon, &c., and Forbes Robertson.

LYRIC THEATRE.
(Sole Proprietor and Manager, Henry J. Leslie.)
TO-DAY, at 2.30 and 8.15, DOROTHY. 832th Performance. Mesdames Effie Chapuy, Florence Perry, H. Coveney, F. Neville, and Amy Augarde; Messrs. Ben Davies, Furneaux Cook, Arthur Williams, J. Le Hay, S. King, and C. Hayden Coffin. At 7.30, WARRANTED BURGLAR PROOF. MATINÉE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30.

AVENUE THEATRE.
(Manager, Mr. H. Watkins.)
TO-DAY at 2, and TO-NIGHT at 8.15, NADGY. Christmas Edition of Chassaigne and Murray's New Comic Opera. New Songs, New Dances, New Business. Mdlle. Vanoni, Mr. Arthur Roberts, and powerful company. Conducted by Mr. John Crook. Preceded in the evening at 7.30 by QUITS. Doors open at 7.15. Box-office open daily from 10 to 5 o'clock. Telephone 3,291. MORNING PERFORMANCE TO-DAY, and EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2 o'clock. Children half price.—R. D'Albertson, Acting Manager.

WHAT MRS. CHAMBERLAIN MAY DO.

THE third Mrs. CHAMBERLAIN received a friendly and enthusiastic welcome yesterday from the citizens of Birmingham, at one of those social functions which do so much to soften the asperity of English politics. Party differences were ignored in the assembly which met to present the friendly and respectful greetings of the Midland capital to the bride from over the sea. In those greetings all Englishmen unite. Nor does any memory of ancient strife chill the heartiness of our welcome of the fair American to her mother land. For one day at least the bitter railings and recriminations that rage round Mr. CHAMBERLAIN die away, and the public smilingly wishes the married pair every success in the experiment of Anglo-American Home Rule which began yesterday at Highbury.

It would be too much to ask, as the Laureate did on the occasion of another wedding—

> Shall fears and jealous hatreds flame again?
> Or at thy coming, Lady, everywhere
> The blue heaven break, and some diviner air
> Breathe thro' the world and change the hearts of men?

But the welcome lull affords us an opportunity for expressing a hope that in future the feud between Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his former colleagues may be waged with less relentless barbarity. Far be it from us, of all people in the world, who have uniformly extended to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, alike when the idol of the Radicals and the hope of the Tories the benefit of an unsparing criticism, to deprecate the freest possible handling of political opponents, but criticism is one thing, rancour is another, and you can far more effectively combat your adversary's policy when you do not abuse his motives. We do not venture to suggest that we should substitute Mrs. CHAMBERLAIN'S estimate of her husband for Mr. LABOUCHERE'S, but it would be a blessing to every one if we could now and then just catch a glimpse of the right hon. gentleman as he appears in the idealizing eyes of his bride. For after all it is a great truth that love is more far seeing than hate, and that sympathy enables men to solve many a mystery and penetrate to many a secret which would else have remained unsolved and undiscovered. There is probably a good deal more truth in his wife's idealized version than there is in the distorted and malignant caricature of their former leader, which is now the accepted portrait of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in the haunts of the thoroughgoing Gladstonian.

What an immense advantage it would be if Mrs. CHAMBERLAIN could regenerate her husband and make him anew, so that all men should see him as she sees him. We are not sure that she could not do it if she tried, although, of course, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who has been twice a widower, is a somewhat tough subject even for the shaping fingers of a clever American girl. Of one thing we are quite sure, and that is that the work is very well worth doing. At present Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is in imminent danger of being politically and socially "a lost soul." He sorely needs saving even for the attainment of those ambitions which Mrs. CHAMBERLAIN would hardly be human and American if she did not entertain. It would indeed be pleasant to the descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers who governed Massachusetts to be wife of the Prime Minister of the British Empire. The position is almost lost, but it may be retrieved, and it lies more within his wife's sphere to retrieve it than that of any other person alive. What is Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S great fault, the fault which has cost him many friends, which has excited against him such bitter animosities, and which, unless amended, will for ever frustrate the realization of his ambition? It is that element in him which may perhaps best be described as the womanish. There is a good deal of the shrew about Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as a politician. He is passionate, personal to the last point, vindictive, and his best friends admit that he never forgets and never forgives. What is wanted to save Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is to supersede this womanishness by womanliness. A womanish man is one of the most odious of creatures. A womanly man is the highest type of his sex, The difference is immense. Womanliness stands for sympathy, generosity, natural simplicity, and absolute ignoring of self. These things Mr. CHAMBERLAIN sadly lacks. It is in these higher matters of the law wherein Mrs. CHAMBERLAIN'S influence may be the very salvation of her husband. Whether she may be able to make him as ideal in relation to his opponents as he is in relation to her, is the problem which remains to be solved.

We hope that she may succeed. So far as we are concerned we shall take care not to increase her difficulties by reviving old animosities or inflaming the sores which rankle in the party. But of course the truce must be preserved on both sides. It will be no use endeavouring to sweeten and purify the relations between the Liberal party and its former lieutenant if the latter continues to indulge in all manner of malignant insinuations and outrageous imputations upon those with whom he was at one time proud to work. Let us hope that the new Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will be easier to get along with than the Mr. CHAMBERLAIN whom we knew and did not love in the earlier stages of his existence, and if so we are quite sure that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN himself will be the first to ascribe to his American bride the happy change which will then have been effected both in his personal position and his political prospects.

TO EVERY LOVER OF A DOG.

A PLEA FOR THE STARVING AND HOMELESS DOGS OF LONDON.

THE other night, when the ground was hard as iron and every gust of wind pierced me to the bones, I was hurrying home after a late sitting with a friend. When I reached the friendly porch my eye fell on a dark shadow projected by a bundle of something in the corner. I struck a match and found huddled up in its own embraces a poor miserable-looking little mongrel. He looked up at me in a most pitiful manner, as if beseeching me to take compassion on him. A tear came into my eye when I saw that mournful look. The shivering outcast must have seen it, for he wagged his stumpy tail, and watched me anxiously. "Poor wretch! dost take me for an officer of the law, with a heart that is more than passing tender, and a boot not yet attuned to torture?" I said, aloud, bending down over the shrinking mongrel. "More boots than bones have been thy hard lot in life!" And then I found that my unexpected visitor had one of his two front legs so badly hurt that it was quite useless. Carefully I lifted him up in my arms, and introduced him to my family circle. The cook, a good, compassionate soul, brought him up some bread and milk, and a plate of scraps. His leg was bound up, and a comfortable bed was made for him. Before retiring I paid him a visit, and found him in his basket sleeping uneasily before the fire. "Too good a dinner, little Lazarus; too much dinner, little friend!" He slept, but what horrible demons pursued him in his dreams! A shiver ran through his worn frame as he sighed and groaned in his nightmare, which I interpreted something after this wise. He was thinking of the day when he first saw this wonderful world. It was in a wretched garret in a dark Holborn court. A low-browed man, gaunt and fierce with starvation, rocked himself on a stool before the handful of coke which smoked in the grate. Opposite him sat a dirty shrew in rags. "Why do you keep the dorgs, Bill?" cried the virago.

"BOW, WOW! CONTRIBUTIONS THANKFULLY RECEIVED."

HAVE YOU COME FOR ME?

ART NOTES.

Mr. Ford Madox Brown is engaged on a large portrait-group—a family singing round a piano—and "Byron's Dream." This is a remarkable work, begun many years ago, and, like some others of the artist's most promising pictures, hitherto left uncompleted.

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The interview with Mr. "Japanese" Bowes, published in the *Pall Mall Gazette* a week or two ago, has been reprinted by that gentleman in *édition de luxe* form, with all the glories of parchment paper, "meadows of margin," handsome type, and capital facsimile illustrations.

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I hear that Mr. Humphry Ward's interesting picture of "An Old Man," No. 117 in the "Old Masters," is to be dry-pointed by Mr. Mortimer Menpes, the artist who is at present engaged translating Franz Hals's great Haarlem picture upon copper. Mr. Ward is fortunate in his selection of an artist, for Mr. Menpes has now left Impressionism, Whistlerism, and Japanese trifles—however charming they may be—in favour of real and abiding art.

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Mr. Wemyss Reid stated, in his article on "Mr. Gladstone and his Portraits" in the current number of the *Magazine of Art*, that Mr. Fairfield, who made the sketch of a sitting Cabinet Council, was the only artist who had ever been fortunate enough to witness this most secret of secret conclaves. I am informed, however, that the ubiquitous Mr. Harry Furniss once caught sight of Lords Hartington and Granville, among others, in deep converse and discussion in the council chamber at Downing-street; that he forthwith made a sketch of the scene—"and, faith, he prented it!"

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Sir Frederick Leighton's onslaught on the art press and the Office of Works combined was much applauded when he declared at the Liverpool Congress that he had "not heard one single word of articulate public reprobation levelled at this now irremediable blot on what we so complacently call the finest site in the world." Referring thus to the additions at the rear of the National Gallery's east flank, he twitted both the press and, impersonally, Mr. Plunket for permitting, and raising no protest against, the various erections of different styles of architecture, and of no style at all—"the one an Italian tower, the other a flat cone of glass, surmounted by a ventilator—a structure of the warehouse type—the whole resulting in a jarring jumble and an aspect of chaotic incongruity which would be ludicrous if it were not distressing."

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Now, what are the facts of the case? As regards the press; exercising a patience it has been taught by bitter experience to observe in relation to all things æsthetic in the metropolis, it waited to see what the final architectural effect would be before condemning the unfinished building while the hoarding is still up. As regards the Office of Works, the case is different; and upon this I can give some definite and trustworthy information.

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The question of the completion of the National Gallery was brought under the notice of the Office of Works by the Royal Institute of British Architects in June of 1887, and it received considerable attention. Their proposal, however, was found to involve a very large expenditure, and, having regard to the extensive enlargement of the Gallery, which was being completed at the time at no small outlay, the Board came to the conclusion that the further additions contemplated in connection with the scheme were not of so urgent a character as to justify Government in asking Parliament to vote the requisite funds. This view was the more readily adopted as the suggested improvement was of such a character that the expense would have to be defrayed out of metropolitan funds, while the land which the department would have had to purchase was, and still is, in the corrupt hands of the moribund Metropolitan Board of Works. It will thus be seen that rather than protest against what is certain, in course of time, to be remedied, the press had best devote its artistic attention to the removal of such excrescences of an unartistic age as the statue of Lord Napier *in front* of the National Gallery—to mention but one of the many horrors of hideous London all around it.

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Mr. S. J. Solomon's great picture of "Sacred and Profane Love" proceeds apace. Considering the treatment of the subject, "Joys of the Spirit and of the Flesh" would appear to be a more truly descriptive title. On the summit of a rocky peak stands the dignified figure of the Angel of Holiness, at whose feet crouch a woman, clasping her child in her arms, and her husband, both in an attitude of adoration and devotion. Farther down the rock the colour, hitherto "cool," becomes warm and luxurious. An ivy-crowned youth, half nude and laughing still, rejects at length the advances of an alluring nymph, and, by clinging to a projection of the stone, secures himself from the dangers of the abyss beside him. Hard by lies their child, a sort of Bacchanalian Amorino, who, entirely unheeded by the parents, has drunk himself to sleep upon a bed of roses. Such is the subject; but the problems of colour line, and composition are the real *motifs* of the picture.

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A very serious and regrettable complication has arisen in the case of the Sweny Fund. It will be remembered that when this art writer was found dead in the Fulham-road, under the most mysterious circumstances, most of our artists, from Sir Frederick Leighton downwards, contributed pictures and drawings for the purpose of raising a fund for the widow and children, the former of whom has since died. On the committee of the fund was a certain well known and highly respected gentleman, who accepted the position of treasurer, and who suggested the appointment of some one in his employ as "collector." This "some one" thus became possessed of a considerable sum of collected money, and converted it to his own use, for which his nominator (and employer), it is alleged, declines to hold himself responsible. The moral obligation is so clear that this allegation must, I feel sure, be incorrect.

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Bric-à-brac hunters must have been rather puzzled over lot 63 "three corner copins" in the catalogue of miscellaneous odds and ends disposed of yesterday by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson. I suspected that cornucopiæ were meant, and a stroll into the Leicester-square sale room put any lingering doubt at rest.

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Little Otto Hegner makes his re-appearance in England on the 28th at St. James's Hall. The young pianoforte prodigy gives three recitals in all: on February 18 and February 28.

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I asked at a well known bookshop the other day what artist was most in vogue, so far as the sale of art books and prints afforded a criterion. "Constable," was the answer; "we never keep a copy of his life more than a few days; and mezzotints from him which not long ago were worth next to nothing now fetch fancy prices."

M. H. S.

"WHOSE DOGS ARE WE?"

"Cos I do, an' cos I will. Why not? They eats nothing, and some day when they grows up why we may eat them." Bill's logic was unanswerable, and the litter of five lived. No one preaches Malthus to dogs. Their mother went out into the markets, and slunk past the rows of cheap butchers' shops, picking up a bit of offal here, and battling for a bone there, not disdaining crusts of bread, and crunching the skeletons of herrings with a fierce relish. Thus the mother turned scavenger to feed her little ones, until one stormy night, when they were about two months old, Bill and his wife came home very drunk, left the door open, and the little waif, curious to see the world, toddled off and never saw his mother or his native garret again. "Bill's garret," he seemed to say, "and poor old mother. Ah! those were happy days." So his thoughts wandered back to his second master, who was passing up the court when he ran away, and put him in his gritty pocket. He wasn't a bad sort, wasn't the black man, who had a cart and a spectral horse (afterwards boiled down for glue and cat's meat), and made his living by selling coals by the sack.

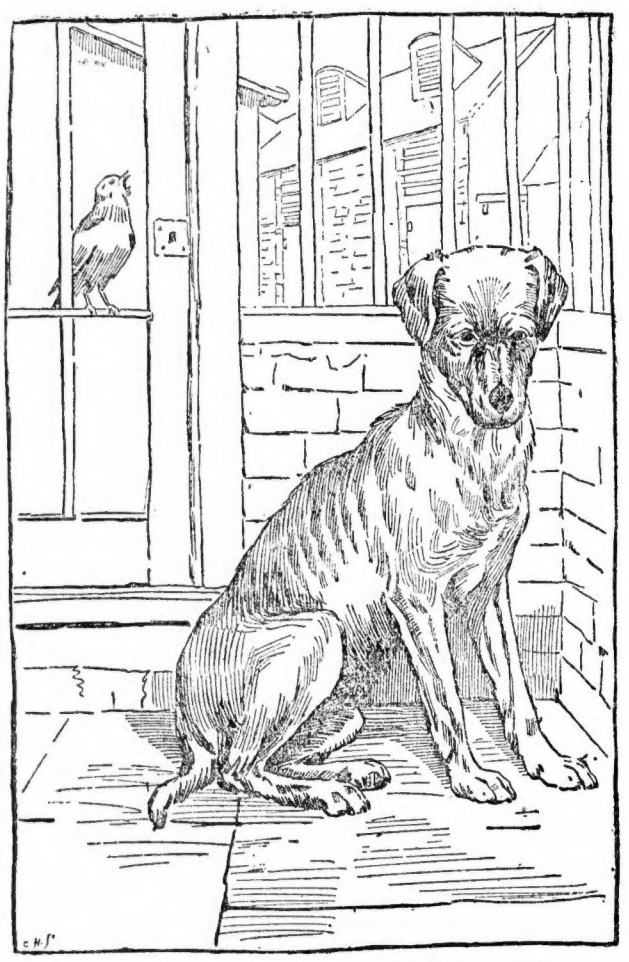
"WON'T YOU HELP US?"

Jack used to sit on the mouth of the sack to keep away the little boys and girls, and the old women with big aprons from stealing the black diamonds. Then the coalman got sold up for rent, and Jack's next master was a lively young coster, who thought he might turn out well. When he began to develop undoubted signs of mongreldom, the young sport took him out for a walk and lost him, and since that time Jack had no master. He had lived through the summer in company with a blackguard-looking bull-dog, who took him under his protection one day when they were sleeping under the stars on the steps by the Athenæum Club leading down to St. James's Park. Under Bill Sykes' wing Jack was pretty safe, for he knew all the tricks of the town, and when the dog raid was on the two set off for the country. One day it was blazing hot in town, and the two friends had just returned after their country jaunt. Bill Sykes' weakness was a falling sickness, and as they were strolling up the Thames Embankment he turned dizzy, and said to his little friend, "Jack, my boy, hold on to me, there's a good fellow. It's coming on again. Never fear if I foam at the mouth; just give me some air and let me lie for awhile. I'm not mad." (It reminded me of a conversation of a similar character which once took place in the dungeons of the Château d'If between Monte Cristo and the Abbé Faria.) Then over he went, snapping his ugly teeth, and the foam frothed out of his mouth. "Mad dog! Mad dog!" cried a boy, and in a miuute a policeman came up and bashed out Bill Sykes' brains. Poor Jack fled, and from that day he was a wanderer on the face of the earth, and gained a hard livelihood. No part of the metropolis was sacred to him. He had a cellar there, a barrel here; sometimes in the warm weather he lay curled up of a night in a park, and for a week he once slept below one of those old four-post tombstones which may still be seen in the graveyards of the City churches. Last summer and autumn poor Jack lived as comfortably as any other mongrel, man or dog; but presently came raw November, and on Lord Mayor's Day he got mixed up with the crowd and had his foot crushed. From that evil day his luck turned. Chivied from pillar to post, kicked by one, struck by another, he went a-hungry day after day, slaking his thirst in the gutter, which helped him to gulp down the bits of offal that fell to his lot. He was very young, but as he sat under one of the Embankment seats, coiled up with half a dozen human vagroms, he overheard a discussion on suicide, and he determined that, young as he was, he might do worse himself. Only a plunge into the dark river, and then——. But Jack clung to life far into the iron nights of December. He was trying to cross the road in the fog, and dropped from sheer weakness in front of a great lumbering dray. He just managed to crawl to the porch, where he lay in the bitter cold awaiting dissolution.

That is the story of poor Jack, as I interpreted those uneasy slumbers before the kitchen fire. His, ladies and gentlemen, is the cruel lot of thousands of wretched mongrels who have been brought into this cast-iron world, so badly equipped for their struggle for existence. The next day I looked at my little friend, who was moaning pitifully in his basket. The glaze of death was in his eyes, but I knew he might linger in his tortures for many hours, so I bethought me of the Dogs' Home, where I understood that a quick and painless death was to be procured for such cases as Jack's. He is dead now—he died quickly and in peace. And if what I am going to say has the desired effect, Jack has not died in vain.

For it was during this visit that I learned from a notice on the swing doors that this good institution is in DESPERATE CIRCUMSTANCE. Making further inquiries I found that it was deeply in debt. Situated in a remote suburb its very existence is forgotten by thousands of dog-lovers, who I am sure would gladly contribute towards the humane work for which it exists. The Dogs' Home is a sort of casual ward where temporary shelter is afforded to the homeless and starving waifs and strays, such as poor Jack, whose sad little story I have just related. A van calls every morning at the police stations and collects the sad-eyed burdens, which are taken to a home where food and warmth, and if need be blessed anæsthesia relieves them of their sufferings after a brief period. There are hundreds of charitable institutions in this terrible capital of ours for man, but at Battersea only is the poor beast cared for. I have seen many painful things in London, but I can conjure up no more pitiful and tear-compelling sight than a visit to the kennels at the Dogs' Home. No sooner does the echo of your footsteps reach their ears than a hundred anxious faces appear at every grating, just as Mr. Yates Carrington has shown them here. What a collection of flesh and bones! Some are merry, and play about the stone flags as if they were at home and free; but their ample sides denote a good home, and they seem to know that in a day or two their mistress is sure to carry them back to the lap of luxury, where meat and caresses are plentiful. No tear of sympathy is needed for these pampered Sybarites. Let us pass by the effeminate toy, who wheezes so stertorously, and turns up his pug nose in contempt at the wayworn mongrel who sits in the corner so sadly. Well he knows that no kind seal-skinned mistress will ever come to claim him. He is one of the common people, the very dregs, who has existed in a slum, and has never known any caress in a life that has been passed between pillar and post. His little bones project, he is all angles, his eyes are heavy and bleared from cold, and death will be the sweetest pleasure that he has ever known.

"BILL SYKES."



"He listened for a step he knew, a voice that lingered on his ear
With sweetest pain, but one maybe he'd never hear again."

But let us look no more upon the shrivelled, shrunken carcasses, some half blind, some stricken with mange, some lame, and most of them bearing witness to the terrible struggle of the streets. What untold tragedy there may be in that faded and weather-beaten ribbon, or that broken cord of which the frayed end still remains! Just ponder for a moment and think of the great good this Home is doing. You shudder at the very mention of hydrophobia. Well, why do dogs go mad, do you think? Much in the same way, I take it, as you or I might if we lived in the gutter and on the gutter. Well, here you have a shelter where nearly 13,000 dogs were received last year. There's a clearing-house for you! Fancy 13,000 homeless dogs of all sorts and conditions wandering about our streets, and multiplying their species. You don't want your streets to be like those of Constantinople, surely, as they certainly will be if the Battersea Home starves like the suffering dogs whom it has fed and succoured. I draw no harrowing and horrible pictures of wretched dogs dying slowly of starvation in the streets, and at the mercy of every human brute who wants to vent his kicks and cuffs. But I ask every lover of a dog, every man and woman and child who has a dog, to contrast its fortunate lot with that of its starving and homeless brethren. Hard now, heaven knows, but what will it be if the doors of Battersea are shut?

May I now say that the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* will be happy to receive subscriptions, no matter how small—which he will acknowledge in these columns—for the benefit of the

STARVING DOGS AND THE STARVING HOME FOR BEASTS AT BATTERSEA.

I may also say that Mr. YATES CARRINGTON, the well-known dog painter, who has made the sketches which appear here, has had the originals mounted and framed, and offers them for sale, the proceeds going to the fund for the STARVING DOGS. They may be seen at this office next week on application.

SEEN IN THE KENNELS.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

If it be true, as asserted in Vienna, that an arrangement has been arrived at between Milan and Queen Nathalie, the Tzar must indeed have strained almost to breaking point his anxiety to keep the peace. But the story is too doubtful, and we do not believe that such a *modus vivendi* is possible without concessions on the part of Milan much greater than those which that lawless man has hitherto shown any inclination to make. If he will abandon his liaisons, cancel his "divorce," and restore the mother to her son, there would of course be no difficulty. But that is just what the Servian monarch will not do.

The contradiction which the Empress Augusta has caused to be inserted in the official *Gazette* of Berlin is a very satisfactory addition to the series of humiliations that have overtaken the Reptile Press Bureau. Next time when it seems good to the Bismarcks to slander any one who refuses to bow down and worship at their shrine, they had better not condescend upon particulars. If they do they will make themselves and their scribes the laughing-stocks of Europe. What a pity it is that Count Herbert Bismarck did not drop the story he had set afloat like a hot potato the moment he was furnished with Bazaine's repudiation and Sir Robert Morier's denial!

We publish another letter from Mr. Gladstone about the suggested arbitration on the position of the Pope. Why cannot Mr. Gladstone say frankly what he meant when he wrote to Signor Riso? He says that it was a private letter which Signor Riso had no business to publish. Signor Riso, then, did very wrong to violate his correspondent's confidence. But so far as the public is concerned that helps us no further as to what Mr. Gladstone privately was of opinion about the position of the Pope when he wrote to Signor Riso. Mr. Gladstone is far too influential a statesman for his private opinions on such a matter to be regarded as of no importance to the general public.

Is it to a man's credit or the reverse to be bald? Hitherto, from the days of Elisha downwards, it has certainly been taken as a discredit, and "bald-pate" has been used as a term of derision, if not of opprobrium. But if what the authorities in the *Popular Science Monthly* say is true, all this must be changed, for baldness is really the sign-manual which intellect places on the heads of the chosen few to mark them as her own. Women, says Dr. T. Wesley Mills, are less often prematurely bald than men, because "brain-stress" less frequently falls upon them. But is there any experimental basis for such a conclusion? Are women who think more bald, for instance, than women who do not? And is abnormal activity of the brain in men always or even often accompanied by baldness? We doubt it. We have always imagined, on the contrary, that premature baldness is a sign much more of physical than of mental excess.

Was Shakspeare a democrat or an aristocrat, a Radical or a Tory? The answer chiefly depends of course on what one means by the terms. Mr. Pickersgill, for instance, in an interesting lecture at the City Temple yesterday, claimed Shakspeare as a strong advocate of democracy, but he did it by imputing to democracy the very qualities which are commonly associated with aristocracy. "Everywhere in his works," said Mr. Pickersgill, "could be seen a strong democratic sense of the supreme importance of personal qualities." But is this really the note of democracy, which has been too apt to consider all men as equal? Again, when Mr. Pickersgill remarked that "the principle we could extract from the whole of his works was the right of the kingliest to be king," was he not advocating Carlylean doctrine rather than democratic, the meaning of which is the sovereignty of the whole people? In one respect, however, Shakspeare undoubtedly forestalled a tenet of the new democracy, and we are surprised that Mr. Pickersgill did not notice it. Shakspeare was an intense believer in the political, social, and moral mission of women. He has few heroes but many heroines, and it is always the woman who is the inspiring, and guiding, and generally the purifying power.

The case of the cabman who asked advice of Mr. Paget at Hammersmith is a very hard one, and seems to point to a serious defect in the law. The unlucky cabby had taken up as a fare a young man who was a legal "infant." The infant had with him a bulldog, which he led by a piece of string. The dog got loose, leaped on to the horse and injured him "to the amount of £20." According to Mr. Paget it would seem that neither the infant nor his parents are liable for the damage, though the fact that he referred poor cabby to the county court seems to show that he is not so certain of his law as he might be. No doubt an infant is not legally liable for the results of his carelessness, but it is at least doubtful whether his parents are not liable for him, as they would be for any other wild animal in their charge. But in any case, if this young man's parents do not indemnify this cabman, they ought to be ashamed of themselves.

The people of Battersea, Clapham, and Wandsworth are going to get the Albert Palace as their Polytechnic Institute after all. At least they are within measurable distance of that most desirable object. The gift of the Goldsmiths' Company of £85,000 towards founding an institute at New-cross has had its effect. Two anonymous gentlemen have notified their intention of subscribing the magnificent sum of £30,000 towards a People's Palace for Battersea, £20,000 of this being promised on condition that £40,000 shall be raised from other quarters. Besides these donations a resident in Battersea has promised £500 towards the fund. After this no one can doubt that the Charity Commissioners will consent to extend the conditions of their original promise of £150,000 to the three densely-crowded districts above referred to. It is a pity that Battersea should suffer because New-cross has received more than its share, and we feel confident that the Commissioners will view the matter in this light. One other hope we would express is that the noble and generous example which has just been given will be followed by other wealthy individuals, and especially by the City companies.

The evils of commercialism are almost as rampant in Bombay as in London or Liverpool. The growth of the cotton industry and the development of the trade of the port have attracted a huge population to

the island, and thousands of people are now packed in squalid slums in exactly the same way as are the poorer classes in our own large towns. "Twelve persons of the labouring poor will occupy one room twelve feet square." This is on the face of it infinitely worse than anything in England, but then in India people sleep out of doors nine months in the year. What they do during the three months of the rainy season is not explained in the *Times of India's* report on overcrowding in Bombay. It is pointed out, however, that tenement property is, as in London, very remunerative. "These houses are cheap to build and cost little to repair, while the rents paid for them are higher in proportion than those paid by the rich for a better class of buildings." It is the old familiar tale; cause and effect are the same in London and Bombay; the climate only is different.

Why should the narrow pavements of London thoroughfares be blocked up with huge and hideous pillar boxes? In Italy a *buca delle lettere* is an ornamental box fixed to the wall of a house. Granted that this contrivance is less likely to catch the eye than the monstrous red cylinders with which we deform our streets, it is also less likely to obstruct traffic. In many of the more crowded streets these Eiffel towers in embryo are a distinct and often dangerous obstacle to hurrying wayfarers. The wall box is no obstacle at all, and its site might easily be advertised by fixing a coloured lamp above it. But if the rights of property prevent the application of this remedy we might at least mitigate the evil by combining pillar-boxes with lamp-posts. At the top of each pillar-box should be placed a slender support for a lamp, the pipe to convey the gas being brought up the side of the latter receptacle. This reform, it is true, would not get rid of the Postmaster-General's monstrosities, but it would make each of them serve a double purpose.

The venerable "bread-booth" in the Stadthaus-gasse at Basel, a relic of no slight interest in social-economical history, was pulled down a few days ago. The booth was the last of the "bread-booths" and "bread-benches" which arose out of the conditions of baking and bread-selling in the thirteenth century. They were the joint property of the city council, the churches of St. Peter and St. Leonard, some of the monastic bodies, and a few private citizens. They were let out every year to the bakers, who were not permitted to sell in their own houses, but were obliged to expose their wares at one of the licensed booths or benches, whither all the citizens flocked to buy their daily bread. The sale of bread was under the oversight of the spiritual and secular overseer of the city, the Prince-Bishop of Basel, who appointed a "Vizdom" to supervise the secular feeding of his flock. The episcopal "viscount" became in course of time too great a person to attend individually to his function and appointed a "breadmaster" to do the work. Three times in each week the breadmaster was bound to inspect every bread-booth and bread-bench in the city, and test the weight and the quality of the people's daily bread. In 1404 the Great Council of the City and Republic of Basel deprived the Bishop and his Vizdom of their authority over the bakers, and appropriated the "Brodmeisterant" to the civil municipality.

THE BOY MESSENGERS (LIMITED).

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE FOUNDER OF THE COMPANY.

WITHIN the last fifteen months a new feature may have been seen among the thousand moving objects in the central streets of the metropolis. A quick observer can hardly fail on any given day to notice at least one or two small boys warmly clad in a darkish grey uniform, trimmed with bright braid, and bearing in gold letters on their peak caps the title of their corps, "The Boy Messengers (Limited)." Who are the Boy Messengers? and what is their organization? and what the objects of the company that controls them? An interview with Mr. King, the young and energetic founder of the company, and its present manager, will give an answer to these questions:—

THE OFFICE IN CAREY-STREET.

Mr. King received the writer in his office and receiving depot on the first floor of rather a rickety house in Star-yard, Carey-street, close to the north-east corner of the Law Courts. Customers were continually coming in to leave parcels to be despatched or to ask for boys to carry letters. The distinction between the two proceedings seems slight, but has an important legal difference, which will be explained presently. Meanwhile, the constant interruptions soon drove us to seek a quiet corner for conversation in the boys' library.

This is a plain but clean room a floor higher up, lined with some deal shelves, already getting filled with the sorts of books that boys love—"The Boys' Own Annual," Captain Marryat's novels, and complete editions of Dickens, Bulwer Lytton, &c., with a few more properly scholastic books, like Cassell's "Popular Educator." On the top of the shelves reposed several pairs of boxing-gloves and a couple of fencing-sticks. The library is open every evening from six o'clock, and one of the "staff" boys is in attendance to keep order and watch that the books are not wilfully damaged. On three evenings in the week there are classes in mathematics, shorthand, and French, all taught gratuitously by persons interested in the company. The last day of the week is reserved for more boisterous forms of entertainment, and then it is that the gloves and single-sticks come down from the shelves.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.

"My great object," said Mr. King in reply to a question as to the management of the boys, "is to teach the boys to manage themselves, just as in our public schools the best part of the discipline is due to the authority exercised by prefects, monitors, or præpositors, as they are variously called. In order to carry out my idea I have formed what I call a 'staff corps.' When first a boy joins us we keep him for a week or two in the office, doing, under supervision, the work that can be done from there. In this way we get to know something of his character and what he is fit for. Then he goes out as a messenger, and after, say, three months, if we find him active and intelligent I promote him to the staff corps. He is still used as a messenger, but is also available for more responsible work, as, for example, taking charge of a beat with several boys under him, and is, moreover, eligible for appointment as a corporal.

"The corporals are at present only two in number, and I have selected them with the greatest care. One of them, who is only fifteen—our boys seldom stay with us beyond that age—is just now in the City making a bargain with a big firm for the distribution of a large number of almanacs. I can trust him fully to work out the cost and make a suitable arrangement as to terms."

"What you have just said, Mr. King, leads up to an important point. How do you manage to avoid collision with the Post Office monopoly?"

"That," said my informant—who is, by the way, on the road to become a barrister himself—"has been our greatest legal difficulty. The Post Office has by law the monopoly of carrying letters. It is quite legal for a single boy to carry a single letter for a single sender, but if we collected letters for distribution from a number of people, or if we accepted circular letters for distribution from one person, we should be infringing the Post Office monopoly. In the case of parcels and of printed matter, not in the nature of a private letter, there is no monopoly, and consequently no difficulty. We have had a great deal of correspondence with the Post Office, and they, not content with our statements of our objects and methods, have continually employed detectives to watch us. As a matter of fact we have detected most of these detectives in their schemes for entrapping us, but, apart from them, we are just as anxious to keep within the law as the Postmaster-General is to preserve his monopoly. And so, though we receive parcels freely at our depots, and sort and distribute them, we daily refuse letters and circulars. It is true that letters are sent by our boys, but only when the sender actually gives the letter into the hand of the particular boy who is to carry it. So that if a letter is brought into one of our depots, and there is no boy ready to go at once, we refuse to accept the letter."

"Have you had any other difficulties with the authorities?"

"Yes, with the police. Both the City Police and the Metropolitan Police were at first strongly opposed to my scheme, and even now in the City boys are not allowed to wait about the streets. In the metropolitan area the police have given in. For a long time we applied in vain to Sir Charles Warren for licences for our boys to stand at particular points and wait for messages. At length, as the licences did not come, we started without them. The police blustered a good deal, and I had two or three rather anxious days, for this was the very birth of my scheme, but instead of running our boys in, as we had feared, the police wisely made inquiries of the tradesmen in Oxford-street, where we first planted posts, and on the report of these tradesmen that we were a public convenience Sir Charles Warren abandoned all further opposition."

"I gather from what you have just been saying about the street work that you trust a good deal to this source of business?"

"Yes; but of course if we had more fixed posts and more boys we should do better in this way. At present we have eighty boys, of whom about fifty are employed on the Carey-street branch, which, though nominally a branch, is really our principal centre. The Lord Chancellor very kindly gave me permission to place boys within the Law Courts, and they carry an immense number of messages in the course of the day."

"Have you any other important posts for boys?"—"We have several dotted up and down Oxford-street, and we always keep a couple of boys at the Civil Service Stores, in the Haymarket, where they are found very useful by customers who have more parcels to carry away than they can manage themselves. I have been told that inquiries have been made for our boys at other stores for similar purposes, and I am now trying to arrange an extension of this system. I am also going to apply for permission to place boys at the principal lending libraries. But you must remember that we are still young; we are fast growing, and I am very glad of any hints of places where boy messengers would be a convenience to the public, and where they can be under shelter and allowed to sit down while waiting for messages."

"In connection with work like this of carrying parcels, can you quite rely on the honesty of the boys you employ?"

"Absolutely. We guarantee every parcel carried up to £2 in value, but we have never been called upon for our guarantee. Our small messengers are constantly sent with watches or jewellery, and even with cash, but we have never had any robbery. A curious case occurred the other day in the City. A gentleman met one of our boys in the street, and gave

£25 IN NOTES,

with instructions to pay the money into a particular office as a deposit towards the purchase of some shares. The boy completed the transaction and came back with the deposit receipt, but the gentleman had gone, and has not yet appeared at the office to claim his receipt."

"And how about the payments the boys receive?"

"It is true that we have once or twice detected boys in trying to defraud us or the public, but very rarely. Our fixed tariff is twopence a mile, and the boy should not charge more nor the public offer more than this. My only real difficulty in this matter is to get the boys to understand that if they receive money for riding it is dishonest of them not to ride and to pretend that they have made up the time by running."

"There seems altogether, Mr. King, to be an admirable feeling between you and your boys. Do you do anything also to interest them in the financial success of the company?"

"Yes. I have made an arrangement for introducing the co-operative principle. Our actual paid-up capital is £3,000, but in addition we credit the boys with a nominal capital of £1,000. This nominal capital will receive its dividend along with the rest, so that under this arrangement one-fourth of the net profits of the company goes to the boys. At present it is vested in a trustee who is bound to spend it for their collective benefit, but I think also that we may be able to assign a further part of our profits, when we come to realize them, for distribution among the boys individually in the form of a quarterly bonus."

At this point other engagements made it necessary to conclude a very pleasant interview, and, as I thanked my courteous informant, I ventured to hint that a company in which the interests of the employés were so much studied, and in which the promoters did so much work without pay, must be in its objects philanthropic rather than commercial. But the energetic and enthusiastic founder would not allow the accusation for a moment, and, as he showed me down the well-worn stairs, continued to protest that he was not a philanthropist.

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*DECORATIVE DESIGN.**

MR. JACKSON'S book is a very practical and useful contribution to the study of perhaps the most difficult and important side of art, more or less, of course, from the South Kensington point of view. He has not been afraid of laying down principles—the valley of dry bones, where so many exponents of principles of design have, alas! left their own. He is careful however, to distinguish between the teachable and the unteachable parts of his subject, which he deals with in a clear and scientific spirit, though not claiming to go beyond its elementary stages; and he appears to have thoroughly grasped the great fact of the main cleavage of the world of art into its two kinds, "inventive or constructive art and imitative art." Like Mr. Lewis Day, in his excellent handbooks, he shows the necessity of a constructive geometric basis in building, pattern, and the necessity of a skeleton; and his suggestion of squared paper, on which students might practise the construction of patterns, is a good one, and capable of development in schools.

Mr. Jackson has some good remarks on the problem, "What is ornament?" presented by Mr. Ruskin long ago to a certain ingenious friend, and succeeds in scoring some points off both. He, however, adheres to the use of the rather misleading words "conventional" and "conventionalizing," although he fully realizes how that so-called conventional or decorative art may really elucidate the facts of nature more than what is called realistic art. Abstracting, formalizing, or systemizing convey the meaning better, when we mean that selecting, combining, and simplifying process so essential in decorative design. The constructive and the symbolic origin of ornament is spoken of, and examples of both are given; but it is apparently assumed that ornament must now be more or less meaningless, and that after a long course of experimental pattern making the student may "enter the study of applied design." Here, however, is the source of our weakness, and of that decline in inventiveness and adaptability, of sense of fitness and beauty, which is so generally lamented. Why not set our young students—following the natural stages of the historic development of design through handicraft—to work their patterns on the soft clay of pots they should themselves have turned on the wheel, for instance, or paint them on the ware after it has left the kiln? If we followed this course throughout the handicrafts, in teaching design and applied art, the difficulties which appear to be so much felt in properly applying art would disappear, and art and handicraft would once more be united. When, as under modern conventional conditions, they are carefully kept apart, it is not surprising that they should be strangers when they chance to meet.

Both artists and critics are in the habit of speaking of Nature as of a fixed quantity. Something in art is said to be like or not like Nature; as if Nature were invariable, and always like herself, instead of the perpetual transformation the world presents. All art is more or less a commentary upon her. "Art is art, precisely because it is not Nature," said Goethe; and this is a saying the designer may bind for a sign upon his hand. Apropos, our author has an excellent foot note, which runs:—"Some people in their one-sided admiration of Nature imagine that natural forms, being beautiful if copied, must necessarily be beautiful, however applied. They regard Nature as a storehouse of 'ready-made ornaments,' instead of a book of reference for ideas and principles to be thought out with diligence and applied with care. 'Ready-made ornaments' are too often like 'ready-made clothes,' badly fitting and ill-suited to the subject."

Mr. Jackson illustrates his own book very plentifully, and the plans are clever and very much to the purpose, the sketches of natural leaves and their construction being particularly good. As a designer, he appears more successful with his repeating "all over" patterns than with his panels and borders, in which he is naturally under the influence of South Kensington tradition. The Birmingham School of Art stands very high in those quarters, however. The book concludes with a very able analytical account of the natural history of the evolution of the acanthus leaf in design, quite a different thing from the acanthus in nature. In fact, throughout the author seems thoroughly imbued with the relative comparative spirit, and the evolutionary theory, which is of no less value and destined to be as fruitful in results in art as it has been in the study of all other directions of human expression and progress.

* "Lessons on Decorative Design: an Elementary Text-book of Principles and Practice." By Frank G. Jackson, Second Master in the Birmingham School of Art. (Chapman and Hall. 1888.)

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*TRUTHS ABOUT TURKEY.**

THIS is a bright and lively account of Turkey written by one who, it seems, has had no ordinary opportunities of studying the manners of the country that he describes. The reader soon discovers that the author is a Frenchman, partly from the style, the brightness and the tone of which are anything but English, and partly from the many unfriendly attacks on England which appear throughout the book. We are left to guess whether the work is a translation from the French or is written in English by a Frenchman who knows English better than most Frenchmen do. Whatever was the original form, in its present shape the book has many puzzling sentences and expressions. For instance, what can be meant by "Mortality and hygiene in other countries are always closely allied. In Turkey, however, both are paralyzed"? "Solvability," "petroleumized," "compatriotism," are words which we do not recognize as English. But put aside all these barbarisms of speech and ignore the constant and venomous attacks on England, and you will find in Kesnin Bey's pages much that is attractive and interesting. The book is not written *virginibus puerisque*—the Frenchman crops up here again a little too often, but it gives a lively picture of Turkish life.

There are also some amusing accounts of the sluggishness, corruption, and want of enterprise of Turkish officials. Take the instance of the Moudania Broussa railway, which has been finished since 1875 but never used: "the sheds are empty and moss-grown, the locomotives slumber in a corner, the rails are all rusty, and winter rains have done much to destroy the railroad that in some way resembles the skeleton of a serpent. The peasants living near carry off anything they may fancy, while the refreshment room at the station is given up to Angora goats." It appears that the Turk is not only too lazy to grow corn for his own consumption, but even to grind imported corn, so that he pays Hungary and Russia not only to grow his corn, but also to grind it into flour. Coal is imported from England and petroleum from Russia and America, although Turkey has abundance of both. Beef is almost a rarity; milk costs more than in Europe; butter is imported from Italy and Russia, potatoes from Marseilles and Trieste; so that "to eat a beefsteak in Constantinople one must get the beef from Russia, the butter from Italy, the potatoes from France—quite an international beefsteak, is it not? Turkey does supply something: she supplies the parsley." Turkish time, it appears, varies every day with the sun, so that nobody knows the correct hour of the day or can be certain of keeping or anxious to keep an appointment. Then, again, there are six different calendars used in Turkey, and each day represents six different dates. For half of the week little or no business is done owing to the different Sundays and holidays.

There appear to be no quays in Constantinople along the Golden Horn, and vessels have to anchor in mid-stream. According to Kesnin Bey everything in Turkey is turned upside down. The policeman arrests the person assaulted instead of the assaulter; in going into a house you take off your shoes instead of your head-gear; the silver coin, the medgidié, varies in value in different shops and places of business; there are plenty of red letter-boxes in Constantinople, but the local post has been abolished; most of the streets are so bad that "carriages, trucks, and carts cannot pass along them, so luggage and packages of all sorts have to be carried by men on their back." Experiments in electric signalling in the fleet were forbidden, "as these jets of light flung upwards at the moon had scandalized the entire official world." Yet Kesnin Bey does full justice to some of the virtues of the Turks, to their kindness to animals, the excellence of their cookery, their love of fresh air in their houses, and to the valour and frugality of the Turkish soldier. His picture of Turkey and the Turks and the subject races is sarcastically severe, but has the air of truth about it.

TO-DAY'S NEW BOOKS.

[Publishers would greatly oblige by stating the prices of books. Any notices under this head do not preclude further review, should such seem to be necessary.]

BAYLY, Mrs. "The Life and Letters of Mrs. Sewell." (James Nisbet and Co.
[A biography in one volume. An autobiographical sketch of her own life, written by Mrs. Sewell for her grandchildren, is prefixed, and occupies seventy-seven pages. Pp. 334, cloth, portraits of Mrs. Sewell and her daughter Anna. Price not stated.]

COUPLAND, W. C., M.A., D.Sc. "The Elements of Mental and Moral Science as applied to Teaching." (Joseph Hughes.)
[Designed to familiarize teachers with the idea of the close relationship subsisting between Mental and Moral Science and the Science of Education. Pp. 103, cloth. Interleaved with writing paper. Price 2s. 6d.]

DYER, T. F. THISTLETON. "The Folk-lore of Plants." (Chatto and Windus.)
[A summary, with illustrations, of the various branches into which the subject divides itself: Plant Worship, Plants in Witchcraft, in Demonology, and in Fairy Lore, Plant Proverbs, Sacred Plants, &c. Pp. 328, cloth. Price 6s.]

JEFFERIES, RICHARD. "Field and Hedgerow." (Longmans, Green, and Co.)
[The last essays of Richard Jefferies, collected by his widow from the *Standard*, *Fortnightly Review*, *Longman's Magazine*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, and other journals and periodicals. Pp. 331, cloth. Price 6s.]

"MACAULAY'S Works and Life." (Longmans, Green, and Co.)
[A uniform popular edition in five volumes, at half a crown per volume. The "History of England" is contained in two volumes; the other volumes are (1) the Essays and Lays of Ancient Rome, (2) the Miscellaneous Writings and Speeches, and (3) The Life and Letters (Trevelyan). An altogether admirable edition: cheap, well printed, and neatly bound. In a word, this takes the palm among recent reprints, and is one which, in spite of its cheapness, no gentleman need be ashamed to place upon his library shelves.]

MURRAY, the Rev. A. W. "The Bible in the Pacific." (James Nisbe and Co.)
[Brief accounts from the pen of a missionary of the different versions of the Bible that have been made for use in the islands of the Pacific, and their reception. Pp. 296, cloth. Price 6s.]

POLLOCK, WALTER HERRIES. "A Nine Men's Morrice." (Longmans, Green, and Co.)
[Nine stories, "*collected and re-collected*" by W. H. P. Note the pun. Pp. 358, cloth Price 6s.]

SCHOFIELD, A. T. "Queen Anne's Hospital: its Senators and Sufferers." (Swan Sonnenschein.)
[A story in one volume: the ethical purpose of which is clearly enough indicated by the motto, "Lessen liquor and defy disease." Pp. 363, cloth. Price 10s. 6d.]

"THE MULTUM IN PARVO ATLAS OF THE WORLD." (W. and A. K. Johnston.)
[A dumpy little quarto, containing ninety-six maps, together with useful statistics and an index. The maps are engraved in the manner for which Messrs. Johnston have deservedly become popular; and the little book ought to prove a useful addition to a handy reference library. Price 2s. 6d.]

We have also received: "The Windmill and its Secrets," by C. W. Heckethorn (Trübner, 2s. 6d.,; "Forbidden Fruit for Young Men," by Major Seton Churchill (Nisbet), and a "Handbook to the Norddeutscher Lloyd Services."

The Kingskerswell Downs dispute is about to be settled by a compromise Mr. Brown, the lord of the manor, has admitted the right of the villagers to the use of the greater part of the Down and of the parish authorities to take away stones for the repair of roads. At the meeting of the villagers at which these terms were accepted a clause was added prohibiting Mr. Brown from planting any more fir trees on the Down which would interfere with the pretty view of Torquay. These half measures, however, are very unsatisfactory. The Down either belongs wholly to the villagers or to the lord of the manor; but the many legal difficulties bristling in such questions rendered the compromise acceptable.

* "The Evil of the East; or, Truths about Turkey told by Kesnin Bey." (London: Vizetelly and Co. 1888.)

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NOTICES.

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THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN.
Lessee, Mr. W. FREEMAN THOMAS.
HENGLER'S GRAND CIRCUS COMPANY.
TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 7.30.
Prices of Admission:—Gallery, 6*d.*; Amphitheatre, 1*s.*; Pit and Promenade, 2*s.*; Stage Stalls, 3*s.*; Fifth Circle, 3*s.*; Grand Circle, 4*s.*; Stalls, 5*s.*; Boxes from 10*s.* 6*d.* to £3 3*s.* Early doors open at One and 6.30 (entrance, Hart-street) to Pit and Promenade, Amphitheatre and Gallery. 6*d.* Box-office open daily, from 10 till 5, under the direction of Mr. E. Hall. No charge for booking. Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. WALTER GOUCH. Musical Director, Mr. GEORGE CLEMMENTS.

SPECIAL NOTICE—CHILDREN HALF-PRICE to MORNING and EVENING PERFORMANCES to all parts of the House (except Gallery) on payment at the Box-office. Seats can be secured in advance at the Box-office and all Libraries.—HENGLER'S CIRCUS, THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Sole Lessee, Miss GRACE HAWTHORNE. Manager, Mr. W. W. KELLY.—ENORMOUS SUCCESS of HANDS ACROSS THE SEA (free list entirely suspended). Messrs. Henry Neville, Robert Pateman, E. W. Garden, W. L. Abingdon, Arthur Cross, A. Buckland, D. Garnsey, Arnell, Grace, Dalziell; Misses Webster, Barnard, Vizetelly, Mary Rorke. A HAPPY PAIR, at 7.30. Seats at the Box-office (Mr. A. Frye), 10 till 5, and the Libraries.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MATINEES of "HANDS ACROSS THE SEA" EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30. A gigantic success. Doors open at 2 o'clock. Free list entirely suspended.

COMEDY THEATRE.—TO-NIGHT, at 9 o'clock, a New Farcical Comedy, in three acts, entitled UNCLES AND AUNTS, by W. LESTOCQ and WALTER EVERARD. Mr. W. S. Penley and special cast. Preceded, at 8, by PENNEL, by J. K. JEROME.—Business Manager, Mr. E. F. BRADLEY.

UNCLES AND AUNTS.—MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, at 3 o'clock. COMEDY THEATRE.

CRYSTAL PALACE PANTOMIME.—CINDERELLA. Written by HORACE LENNARD, Produced under direction of OSCAR BARRETT. DAILY at 3, and THURSDAY, and SATURDAY EVENINGS at 7.30. Seats from 1*s.* to 5*s.*

CRYSTAL PALACE PANTOMIME.—CINDERELLA, DAILY at 3.0, and THURSDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS, at 7.30.—The powerful company includes—Messrs. Howard Righton, Clarence J. Haines, and John D'Auban; Mesdames Susie Vaughan, Fiona D'Auban, Mary Rightson, Kate Vito, Amy Liddell, and Edith Bruce. Seats from 1*s.*

NIAGARA IN LONDON. COLOSSAL PICTURE of the GREAT FALLS, original effects, by PHILIPPOTEAUX. Peasant Lounge, Music, American Sweetmeat Store. Electric Light. Refreshments by Buguiéres. Admission 1*s.* No fees. 10 to 10.—YORK STREET, WESTMINSTER, St. James's Park Station.

ART GALLERIES.

CHAMPION PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION, containing 350 Photographs by 75 Professionals and Amateurs, all of which have taken prizes at previous Exhibitions, NOW OPEN at THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S, 148, NEW BOND-STREET.

ROYAL HOUSE OF STUART.—EXHIBITION of PORTRAITS, MINIATURES, and PERSONAL RELICS connected with the ROYAL HOUSE of STUART. Under the Patronage of her Majesty the Queen.—Open daily from 10 till 7. Admission 1*s.* Season Tickets 5*s.*—NEW GALLERY, REGENT-STREET.

To-Day and To-morrow.

TO-DAY.

Last Day of Lodging County Council Nominations.
"How Chemists work," by Dr. Armstrong—Society of Arts, 8.
"The Growth of Crystals in Igneous Rocks," Professor J. W. Judd—Geological Society, Burlington House, 8.
"The Cost of executing some Classes of Engineering Work," by A. F. Bruce—Institute of Civil Engineers, Westminster Palace Hotel, 7.
Graphic Society, University College, W.C., 8.
Microscopical Society, King's College, W.C., 8.
Dr. Barnardo's Homes—Annual Meeting of Factory Girls' Club, Edinburgh Castle, Rhodeswell-road, E., 7.30.
Pharmaceutical Society, 17, Bloomsbnry-square, W.C., 8.
Royal Literary Fund, 10, John-street, Adelphi, W.C., 3.
Entomological Society, 11, Chandos-street, W.—Annual Meeting and the President's Address, 7.
Photographic Club, Anderton's Hotel, 8.
The Conditions of Real Individual Liberty, by Mr. J. M. Fells, Brixton Liberal Association, 822, Brixton-road, 8.
"Shelley's Minor Poems," by Mr. Stopford Brooke—Shelley Society, 8.
St. Marylebone, Paddington, and District Licensed Trade Protection Society, Freemasons' Tavern, 5.
Dane Hill House, Margate, Old Boys' Dinner, at the Holborn Restaurant.
Old Cranbrook Boys' Reunion Dinner, at the Holborn Restaurant.
Royal Academy Club—Dinner at Willis's Rooms, St. James's.
Vaudeville Cinderella, second of the season, at Willis's Rooms, St. James's.
Camera Club Exhibition of Photographs, 21, Bedford-street.
Christian Workers' Mission—Free Meal to the Unemployed, Bloomsbury Mission Chapel, Meard-street, Soho, 6.
Westminster Jews' Free School—Council Meeting, 5.
Crystal Palace Annual Pigeon Show, 11.
The Remington Standard Typewriter Speed Contest, St. James's Restaurant, 7.30.
County Council Meetings—Dulwich: Lord Sandhurst and Dr. Gutteridge, Shawbury Hall, Lordship-lane, 8.30. City: Lord Rosebery at Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street, 5. West Marylebone: F. Debenham and R. E. Farrant, St. Mary's Hall, Crawford-street, 8.30.
Companies Meetings.—Electrical Automatic, Cannon-street Hotel, 3; Devas, Routledge and Co., 40, Friday-street, 12.
Football—At Brighton, Casuals *v.* Sussex Martlets; at Huddersfield, Huddersfield *v.* The Maoris.
Pigeon Shooting—Gun Club Winter Handicap Cup.
Hunting Appointments: Staghounds—Mid Kent, Otford Racecourse, Sevenoaks, 11.30. Foxhounds—Old Berkshire, Bablockhythe, 11.30; East Kent, Denton, 11: Mr. Mills's, Swan Inn, Sandford, 11.

TO-MORROW.

Royal Society, Burlington House, 4.30.
Society of Antiquaries, Burlington House, 8.30.
Pygmies, by Professor Flower—London Institution, Finsbury-circus, 6.
Sir W. Thomson's Presidential Address—Institution of Electrical Engineers, 25, Great George-street, 8.
Mathematical Society, 22, Albemarle-street, 8.
Licensed Victuallers' Protection Society, Freemasons' Tavern, 2.
Bohemian Musical Society, Crystal Palace, 8.
Royal Society Club—Dinner at Willis's Rooms, St. James's.
"Facts in the History of Wages," by Graham Wallas—Bloomsbury Socialist Society, 49, Tottenham-street, 8.30.
"Vivisection and its effects in Hospitals"—Mr. G. Savage Roberts, St. Pancras Reform Club, 8.30.
County Council Meetings—North Kensington, Mr. E. Morton Daniel, Victoria-hall, Archer-street, W. Lord Claud Hamilton presides, and Sir Roper Lethbridge, M.P., and Major Isaacs, M.P., speak, 8.30; East Marylebone, Sir T. Farrer and Mr. Holmes, St. Marylebone Central Schools, High-street, W., 8.30; West Marylebone: Miss F. Debenham and R. E. Farrant, St. Mark's Schoolroom, Violet-hill, Abercorn-place, 8.30; Brixton Division: Lady Sandhurst and Captain E. H. Verney, Stockwell Institute, Stockwell-green, 8.
Company Meetings—Barbadoes Railway, 4; Mincing-lane, 2; Imperial Fire Office, 1, Old Broad-street, 1.30; Para Gas, 16, St. Helen's-place, 2.

"IN A SOCIALIST, OUT A REVOLUTIONIST."

RELEASE OF ALFRED OLDLAND.

Alfred Oldland, the Socialist, who was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment and ordered to find sureties to keep the peace for six months for an alleged assault on the police at an unemployed demonstration in Hyde Park, was released this morning from Pentonville Prison, he having suffered fourteen months' incarceration, owing to his having failed for a time to find sureties. Long before the time when prisoners are usually released, a small gathering of thirty or forty earnest Socialists were waiting outside the gates of the prison. Punctually at nine o'clock Oldland, who neither feels nor looks much the worse for his imprisonment, appeared in the Caledonian-road, whereupon he was heartily cheered and greeted. With the exception of Mr. Lee, the secretary of the Democratic Federation, there were none of the Socialist leaders present. About a dozen of the assembly at once repaired to a coffee-house opposite the prison gates, where Oldland was regaled with a substantial breakfast.

In the course of a conversation with one of our representatives, Oldland stated that his imprisonment had not changed his views with regard to Socialism, and he should continue to speak at unemployed demonstrations and advocate Socialism. "In fact," he continued, "I went in a Socialist and I have come out a Revolutionist." He had no fault to find with his treatment by the warders nor the food. During most of his term Oldland has been employed at oakum picking. Owing no doubt to the want of exercise, of which Oldland was deprived when he first entered the prison, his health broke down, and for forty-five days of his time he has been in the hospital. He also stated that he felt deeply grateful to the Law and Liberty League for their kindly help to his wife during his enforced absence from her.

In the expectation of a demonstration there were a large number of constables patrolling Caledonian-road in twos and threes, but their assistance was not required.

FOURTH EDITION.

ARMED BURGLARS AT MUSWELL HILL.

DESPERATE AFFRAY.

A GENTLEMAN SHOT.—ESCAPE OF THE MISCREANTS.

A telegraphic report reaches us as to an attempted burglary at Norton Lees, Muswell Hill, at eight o'clock last night. The eldest son of the family, Mr. George Atkins, was dangerously wounded by revolver shots. The burglars got away.

Latest particulars to hand show that at about eight o'clock Mr. Henry William Atkins, who occupies the house with his family, was leaving in company with his son, Sawyer Atkins, for the purpose of attending a lecture, when the son happening to look up at the front of the house was surprised to see that the window of the room immediately above the hall door was open. He called his father's attention to the fact, and at that moment two men came to the window, and one of them put up his arm and fired a revolver. George Atkins, another son, who had been engaged at the back of the house, hearing the report of the pistol, ran round to the front. By this time the two men had left the room, and were in the front garden. George Atkins, who had a chisel in his hands, at once comprehending the situation, struck one of the burglars a heavy blow with it. A third man, seeing there was some danger of a capture, then sprung up from among the laurels in the garden and fired at George Atkins with a revolver, the bullet burying itself in his chest. Not satisfied with this the burglar fired a second shot at him, this time striking him in the abdomen. The three men then took to their heels, but they were followed by Sawyer Atkins, who got near enough to them to strike them across the backs with a Malacca cane he was carrying. One of the men then turned round and presented a revolver, but it was apparently not loaded, for Mr. Atkins says it simply made a clicking noise. He still followed them, but they managed to get clear away. Local medical aid was at once summoned, and a messenger was despatched for Sir W. McCormack. Sir William on his arrival pronounced the unfortunate gentleman to be in such a serious condition that it would not be safe to probe for the bullets. The police have no clue.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S EXPLOITS AS A TREATY MAKER.

A HAPPY SPEECH AT BIRMINGHAM.

The formal home-coming welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain took place at the Town Hall, Birmingham, last night, in the presence of a large company of prominent local Dissentient Liberals and Conservatives. The presentations consisted of a bouquet from the women of West Birmingham to Mrs. Chamberlain, an illuminated address to Mr. Chamberlain, and a pearl necklet to his wife from the "Citizens of Birmingham;" an address to Mr. Chamberlain, together with a handsome diamond brooch, from the Women's Unionist Association: and an address to Mr. Chamberlain and a pair of gold bracelets and a brooch for Mrs. Chamberlain from the right hon. gentleman's constituency. The total amount subscribed to the presentation fund was about £750. The hall was tastefully decorated, and when the guests arrived at nine o'clock it presented a brilliant appearance.

MRS. CHAMBERLAIN.

Mr. Chamberlain made a happy reply. Mrs. Chamberlain, he said, accepts with the greatest pleasure the tokens of your friendship and regard. I have tried to persuade her—I am not certain that I have even yet succeeded—(laughter)—that by her marriage she has renounced the protection of the flag under which she was born—(laughter)—and has become a British subject. (Hear, hear.) But, ladies and gentlemen, although I neither hope nor expect to lessen her love for the country she has left—(hear, hear)—I know that she is prepared to take up her life amongst us in the country to which she has come in all its fulness, and that she will say with Ruth of old, "Thy people shall be my people." (Loud cheers.) Referring to his mission to America, he said:—I venture to claim I fully entered into the spirit of that mission, both in my public and in my private capacity, and I have done all that in me lies to promote union—(laughter)—and a good understanding between the two countries. (Laughter and cheers.) I was fortunate enough on that occasion to make two treaties. (Laughter.) Like some greater men, my predecessors in diplomacy, I had my secret compact as well as the public document with which you are all familiar—(laughter)—and I am glad to say that even that august body the Senate of the United States had nothing to say to my private negotiations—(cheers)—which you have ratified to-night by your presents and by these proceedings.

THE "SCOTCH SPURGEON" DECIDES TO COME TO LONDON.

AN EXTRAORDINARY MEETING IN EDINBURGH.

The Rev. John McNeill has decided to accept the urgently pressed call of the Regent-square Presbyterian congregation to become their spiritual head. His decision was announced yesterday afternoon in Edinburgh at a special meeting of the Scottish Free Church Presbytery, crowded beyond any meeting of that body seen since the Disruption.

A few minutes before the meeting (writes our Edinburgh correspondent) I had a short conversation with Mr. McNeill, who even at that hour showed signs of the mental perturbation into which he had been plunged by the request to give up a most successful and distinguished connection with Scotland, to essay the unknown possibilities of London.

At the meeting the Presbytery of London was represented by the Rev. Charles Moinet and Mr. Hugh Matheson; the session of Regent-square Church by Messrs. R. T. Turnbull, J. Hair, and Affleck Fraser; the deacons' court by Messrs. John Thomson and Donald Swanson; and the congregation by Mr. John Coutts. The greatest interest was manifested in the proceedings, not only by Church dignitaries, but by the public, so many of whom thronged the hall that the meeting had to be adjourned to a much larger place. An unusual feature was the presence of large numbers of ladies.

The Commissioners of Mr. McNeill's old church in Edinburgh, the McCrie Roxburgh, forwarded to the Presbytery a very strongly worded protest against Scotland yielding up her gifted son to the modern Babylon. On the other hand, Regent-square people urged that greater London contained a population larger than the whole of Scotland, and the Rev. Charles Moinet, who was present on their behalf, said the English Free Church College was really not able to supply that Church with ministers. The gradual decay of Mr. Spurgeon's powers was referred to with sympathy. Mr. McNeill, it was hoped, would take up some portion of Mr. Spurgeon's work, and extend evangelistic labours, especially that undertaken lately by the Presbyterian Church in London, which Church, by the way, now numbers eighty congregations. The arguments on both sides lasted some hours.

Mr. McNeill was among the listeners. He intimated his intention to no person whatever until he had heard the arguments of the meeting, when under quite dramatic circumstances he announced acceptance of the call.

FURTHER FIGHTING IN HAYTI.—THREE BATTLES.

Advices from Hayti, dated Januury 1, state that other three battles have been fought between the forces of Generals Hippolyte and Legitime, in which the latter General was repulsed with heavy loss. There is no prospect now for the island, but mob rule and general confusion both at Pont-au-Prince and in the interior of the island.—*Central News Despatch.*

From a monetary point of view the revival of *Macbeth* is (writes a London correspondent) the biggest success so far in theatrical history. The figures seem marvellous, but I hear on the most unimpeachable authority that the advance booking has each day been over £1,000. This is far and away above anything that has before been done in London, or, in fact, anywhere else.

THE DEATH DAY OF NAPOLEON III.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICE AT FARNBOROUGH.

This morning at half-past ten o'clock a touching ceremony took place in the crypt of the beautiful mausoleum and memorial church which the widow of Napoleon III. has reared in her grounds at Farnborough. Napoleon died on the 9th of January, 1873. His remains, cased in a massive sarcophagus of Aberdeen granite, the gift of her Majesty the Queen, were last year removed from their temporary shelter at Chislehurst to their final resting place in the mausoleum which stands within half a mile of the beautiful country residence where the Empress lives in retreat. This morning is the first anniversary of the Emperor's death which has been celebrated at Farnborough. The service was private in the sense that no invitations were sent out, but the doors were open to those who cared to attend, and the little crypt was well filled. The household, which numbers more than a score, were present, and many friends and neighbours swelled the number of the worshippers. The mass for the dead was performed by the prior and Brother Edouard, of the Premonstratensian Order, which is established on a perpetual foundation in connection with the mausoleum to pray for the souls of the Napoleons. The Empress, who was in the deepest mourning, occupied a prie-dieu immediately before the granite sarcophagus of Napoleon III. Behind her stood a faded eagle and an Imperial banner, melancholy relics of the departed glories. Around the tomb were heaped the wreaths and flowers sent in sympathy by friends in England and in France. The ceremony of to-day is the first of three performed in the crypt, to which all are admitted. The next will be in May, on the death-day of the First Napoleon, and the third on June 9, when the Prince Imperial was slain in Zululand. Every morning for ever two masses for the dead Napoleons are said in the crypt by the brothers of the Order entrusted with the duty, and two masses for the Napoleonic family that still survives are said every day in the church above.

The sarcophagus of Napoleon III. stands to the north of the altar in the crypt, that of the Prince Imperial to the south. The Empress, who visits the mausoleum daily when she is at Farnborough, has not yet decided what part of the crypt she will choose as her last resting place.

AN M.P. SHORN OF HIS MOUSTACHE.

MR. BALFOUR'S LATEST INSULT.

The *Freeman's Journal* to-day says:—At Tullamore gaol Mr. E. Harrington is confined in a cell without matting, contrary to the usual practice, which is to have all the cells covered with matting or sacking. On Monday evening he was seized by several of the warders, and in spite of his protests and resistance his moustache was cut off. Dr. Moorhead, who saw him yesterday, has put a report in the visiting book, in which he says:—"Mr. Harrington occupied an ordinary criminal flagged cell, without matting or sacking. He said a technical assault had been committed on him yesterday by orders to remove his moustache. He claimed a right to wear his moustache under Rules 30 and 31. With regard to personal cleanliness, which provides for the clipping or shaving of beards for purposes of health and cleanliness, I think these rules completely cover the case, and that it has been a perfectly unnecessary insult to offer Mr. Harrington." Commenting upon this, the *Freeman's Journal* says a smaller or meaner act of petty tyranny never issued.

MR. E. HARRINGTON.

Mr. Edward Harrington's moustache, which might now become the theme of a new "Rape of the Lock," if a new Pope could be found to write it, is remarkable among the ornaments in this kind to be found in the House of Commons for its flourishing proportions. It is not gracefully antlered like Lord Randolph's, nor exquisitely curled like Mr. Cuninghame Graham's, nor does it stand out on either hand like a shaving brush as Sir Richard Temple's may be seen to do in Mr. Furniss's graphic portraits; but it is full and heavy; and from the point of view of petty annoyance, the idea of depriving Mr. Harrington of the ornament was a happy inspiration.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

THE LAST DAY FOR NOMINATIONS.

Five o'clock this afternoon is the latest hour for the reception of nominations to seats upon the London County Council. Each division will have two members, excepting the City, which will have four. The following nominations have been made:—

BETHNAL-GREEN (NORTH-EAST).—Mr. W. Wright, guardian; Mr. Theodore Lumley, solicitor; Mr. Walter Wren, Mr. J. F. Torr, Mr. J. Bishop, guardian; Mr. J. Milbourn, guardian.

BETHNAL-GREEN (SOUTH-WEST).—Mr. C. Harrison, solicitor; Mr. James Branch; Mr. A. Ewin, M.B.W.; Mr. T. W. Francis, vestryman; Mr. C. G. Walton.

BRIXTON.—Lady Sandhurst; Mr. Edmund H. Verney, Captain, Royal Navy; Mr. Beresford Hope, gentleman; Mr. H. Smallman.

CAMBERWELL (NORTH.)—Rev. Hugh B. Chapman, Church of England; Mr. R. Strong, J.P.; Mr. E. Dresser Rogers, C.C.; Mr. E. W. Teather, solicitor; Mr. W. B. Thornton.

CHELSEA.—Mr. Osborne, chairman of the vestry; Mr. C. Mossop, Metropolitan Board of Works; Mr. Leedham White; Mr. Æneas Smith; Dr. Thompson, barrister-at-law; Mr. W. Jeffrey.

CITY OF LONDON.—Mr. George Noah Johnson, C.C.; Mr. B. L. Cohen, foreign banker; Mr. H. Clarke, C.C., merchant; Mr. George Shaw, C.C., builder; Sir John Lubbock, M.P., banker; Lord Rosebery, Privy Councillor (Lord Rosebery, who was accompanied by Lord Revelstoke, the chairman of his committee, handed in his own paper yesterday afternoon).

CLAPHAM.—Mr. H. Turnor, Lieut.-Colonel Rotton, R.A; Mr. T. C. Corbett.

DULWICH.—Dr. Hardy, Mr. W. Matthews, Lord Sandhurst, Mr. H. J. Powell, glass manufacturer; Mr. W. M. Acwith, guardian; Dr. Gutteridge.

FULHAM.—Mr. Perry, Mr. Germaine, Mr. Scarth, Mr. James Beal, Mr. E. G. Easton.

HACKNEY (NORTH).—Mr. Joseph Beck, C.C.; Mr. John Runtz, M.B.W.; Mr. Alfred Davies.

HAGGERSTON.—Mr. J. F. B. Firth, M.P.; Lord Monkswell; Major F. M. Wenborn, M.B.W.; Mr. H. W. Mason, carriage builder; Dr. M. Greenwood, junior; Mr. J. R. Sackett, vestryman.

HAMMERSMITH.—Mr. Cramp, Mr. Cordingley, newspaper proprietor; Lieutenant-Colonel Webb, J.P.; Mr. W. F. Laxton; Mr. A. Arten.

HAMPSTEAD.—Mr. John S. Fletcher, J.P.; Mr. Henry Harben, vestryman, M.B.W.; Mr. E. K. Blyth.

HOLBORN.—Mr. Alfred Hoare, banker; Lieutenant-Colonel Gardiner, architect; Mr. T. W. Maule, gentleman; Mr. J. P. Murrough, solicitor; Dr. W. R. Smith, barrister.

HOXTON.—Mr. E. T. Holloway, barrister-at-law; Mr. E. Austin, manufacturer; Mr. W. Beasley; Mr. H. A. Barker, of the Labour Union; Mr. Nathan Moss.

KENNINGTON.—Mr. Charles R. White, auctioneer; Mr. Andrews, sanitary engineer and house agent; Mr. H. S. Foster, accountant; Mr. H. Myers, manufacturer; Mr. W. Stockbridge, vestryman.

KENSINGTON (NORTH).—Mr. Stansfeld, brewer; Mr. Daniel; Mr. Frye; Mr. Lloyd; Mr. North.

KENSINGTON (SOUTH).—Mr. Duffield; Mr. Campbell; Mr. Lindsay, Metropolitan Board of Works; Captain James; Mr. Jubal Webb, Metropolitan Board of Works; Mr. C. H. Campbell, J.P.

LEWISHAM.—Mr. F. S. Brereton; Mr. W. G. Lemon, guardian; Mr. T. W. Williams, chairman of the District Board of Works.

NEWINGTON, WEST.—Mr. Sutton, builder; Mr. E. M. Mullins, builder; Mr. Gibson Bott, medical practitioner; Mr. Sichel, barrister-at-law; Mr. Bassett Hopkins.

PECKHAM.—Mr. J. Borland, vestryman and guardian; Mr. Robert Lyon, marine surveyor and broker; Mr. W. L. Dowton, vestryman and guardian; Mr. John Howard, civil engineer; Mr. E. Jones, draper.

SOUTHWARK (WEST.—Mr. A. H. Haggis, sawmill proprietor; Mr. J. George Rhodes, hop merchant; Mr. Thomas F. Rider, builder; Mr. R. D. Hilton, Mr. H. Stopes.

ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER-SQUARE.—Colonel Vincent, M.P.; Mr. Antrobus'

ST. PANCRAS (EAST).—Mr. Forbes E. Hallett, gentleman; Mr. Nathan Robinson, vestryman; Mr. H. S. Samuel, gentleman; Mr. T. B. Westacott, gentleman.

ST. PANCRAS (NORTH).—Mr. J. W. Dixon, vestryman; Mr. C. E. Lewes, gentleman; Mr. John Leighton, gentleman; Mr. J. W. Wetenhall, Metropolitan Board of Works, licensed victualler; Mr. T. H. Williams, vestryman.

ST. PANCRAS (SOUTH).—Mr. J. H. Burroughes, M.S.B., billiard table maker; Mr. John Hutton, gentleman; Mr. W. H. Mathews, vestryman; Colonel Edis, F.S.A., architect.

ST. PANCRAS (WEST).—Mr. J. H. Allen, J.P.; Mr. F. G. Baker, vestryman; Mr. H. Lawson, M.P.; Mr. W. H. Raphael, M.S.B., barrister.

WALWORTH.—Mr. James Pain, firework manufacturer; Mr. E. Yates, builder; Mr. W. Saunders, newspaper proprietor; Mr. John Marsland, builder

THE PEERLESS PATTI AT THE ALBERT HALL.

ABOUT EIGHT THOUSAND COME TO HEAR HER.

The eight or ten thousand people who filled the Albert Hall last night had what is called a "good run for their money." I did not see, (writes our representative,) the cheque which was paid to the peerless prima donna for her exquisite notes, but I dare say it was £500. She was down in the programme for three songs, and sang six. Can you wonder that Patti is not only peerless, but popular? Most of us know what a Patti night at the Italian Opera is, for have we not seen the Strand blocked with carriages and Covent-garden turned into a gigantic mews? Well, a Patti night at the great inverted teapot in the wild, wild West of London is almost as brilliant an affair. From seven to eight there is one endless file of carriages and an endless *queue* of people crowding up to the many entrances to the hall.

MDME. PATTI.

LIKE A SHOW OF TROPICAL FLOWERS.

If you take it pretty easy, and reach your seat about half an hour after the concert has begun, you are rewarded for your tardiness, for the sight which salutes your eye is really wonderful. The vast hall is crowded from top to bottom. The cheap gallery up aloft is crowded with musical enthusiasts, and so are the lower tiers, where evening dress is not fashionable, and these upper circles throw into prominence the brilliant crowd which fills the boxes and the stalls and the floor of the auditorium. Electricity sheds a soft light upon the red-draped boxes, and is not so bright as to spoil the effect of the gay costumes of the ladies, who form such a large part of the audience. The first impression is that you are in a splendid show of tropical flowers, the effect being given by the lovely evening toilettes worn by the ladies.

A VOLLEY OF APPLAUSE GREETS PATTI.

But to return to Patti. M. Nachez, the violinist, disappears; Mr. Ganz looks serious, and a volley of applause greets the appearance of Patti, who trips upstairs as easily as if she were an active member of the Alpine Club. How captivating the famous *diva* looks in her rich flowered silk gown, garlanded I think with red roses, with a diamond crescent glittering in her jet black hair, wearing orders on her bosom, and a coruscation of jewels sparkling on her fair neck. She smiles bewitchingly at Mr. Ganz—lucky little Mr. Ganz—puts down her bouquet on the top of the grand piano, whispers to Mr. Ganz again, and begins to sing "From mighty kings," from Handel's "Judas Maccabæus." She finishes, and a roar of applause greets her. An encore, of course (No. 1), to which she responds with "The Last Rose of Summer," and she shakes hands with Mr. Ganz again, takes Mr. Percy Harrison's hand—he beaming like old Sol himself—not at present—and disappears into the depths below.

THE DUET WITH PATEY.

Presently she appeared hand in hand with the stately, deep-voiced Patey—in pink, with a black velvet collar encircling her throat, and diamonds—and you would have thought they were two school girls. The two sang Rossini's "Day of Horror," and were encored, as goes without saying. Part I. over: in Part II. she gave the audience some wonderful vocal gymnastics with trills and tremolos by the dozen, from Délibes's "Lakmé." And then the real treat of the evening.

THEY BET ON "HOME, SWEET HOME."

"Ten to one on 'Home, Sweet Home,'" was the betting, as the audience waited for the response to the encore. "Home, Sweet Home" it was, and never was the famous song more beautifully rendered. The *flaneurs* said that Patti had a cold. 'Twas the basest untruth. Never has that wonderful voice been in more exquisite condition. Mdme. Patey, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. and Mrs. Henschel all received very handsome tributes, and the concert was a great success.

MR. RUSKIN'S HEALTH.

The following bulletin was issued yesterday:—"There is no improvement in Mr. Ruskin's condition since last week.—GEORGE PARSONS, Coniston."

MR. BRIGHT'S HEALTH.

Mr. Bright's friends (says the London correspondent of the *Leeds Mercury*) are now sanguine that he will almost completely recover from his long illness. The correspondent believes that as soon as his health permits he will be taken to a warmer climate.

A BUST OF MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Mr. Tyler, a young but very gifted artist (the London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* says), has just executed a posthumous bust of Mr. Matthew Arnold which is very strikingly successful. It has been purchased by Lord Coleridge for his library at Heath's Court. The same artist succeeded admirably with two busts of Lord Iddesleigh, one of which belongs to Lady Iddesleigh, while the other is in the private apartments at Windsor.

A MILLION CHINESE FOR CANADA AND AUSTRALIA.

An Exchange telegram from Ottawa states that a Chinaman named Monghow has had an interview with the members of the Government respecting the tax on Chinamen. He alleges that Chinese merchants are preparing for the migration of a million Chinese from the United States to Canada and Australia.

AN ARTIST MURDERS HIS SWEETHEART.

"OBEDIENCE TO A SUDDEN IMPULSE."

A young man, an artist, named Jenkins, alias Weathercroft, called for his sweetheart Emily Joy, at Godalming, on Monday night, and the latter not returning, her friends made a search for her, but without avail. Yesterday Jenkins called at an inn near Haslemere, and having stated that he had committed a murder, the landlord took him to the police-station at Guildford. Here Jenkins confessed to having enticed the girl to his studio at Godalming, and, having committed a criminal assault, strangled her. The police on proceeding to the studio found the body of Miss Joy as stated.

The murder has caused the greatest sensation in the town and neighbourhood. There is little new to report this morning. A resident, Mr. William Ede, says he heard screams from the direction of the summer-house on Monday night, but did not know at the time where they came from. The owner of the place was several times in the garden yesterday with his man servant while the corpse lay in the summer-house. The prisoner says in his written confessions that he had no prospect in life, and that he committed the horrible deed in obedience to a sudden impulse.

THE BRADFORD MURDER.—IN THE POLICE-COURT.

This morning Barrett was again brought before the Bradford magistrates, charged on suspicion with the murder of the boy John Gill. Mr. J. Freeman prosecuted for the Treasury, and prisoner was defended by Messrs. Craven and Waugh. The prisoner, who has suffered in health somewhat through his imprisonment, appeared very dull and subdued. He looked straight before him, paying apparently no attention to anything in court.

MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN NOT TO APOLOGIZE.

According to the London correspondent of the *Birmingham Post*, it is not certain, in view of some pending Crimes Act prosecutions, whether Mr. O'Brien will be in a position to appear before the Parnell Commission next week; but I am assured, adds the correspondent, that if he does it will not be with any idea of explaining away his words or of apologizing for them; and that he will make no more attempt than did Mr. Edward Harrington to pay any fine that may be imposed. There is an idea in some quarters that the judges, profiting by experience, will inflict no fine, but will give a swifter punishment. Much, however, must depend upon the attitude Mr. O'Brien assumes towards the court, and the position in which he at the moment stands, As to the Warden of Merton, it is taken for granted that he will explain, apologize, and be dismissed with a caution.

SEVERE GALE.—BOAT CAPSIZED.

Reports of shipwrecks are coming to hand. During a severe gale this morning a boat containing three men put off to a vessel which was endeavouring to reach Sunderland harbour. When near Beacon Point the boat was struck by a heavy sea and capsized. Prompt assistance was rendered, but two of the crew were drowned, and their bodies have not been recovered. The remaining man was picked up unconscious, but animation was restored after considerable difficulty. One man leaves a widow and ten children.

THE FLOUR SYNDICATE'S OPERATIONS.

The merchants of the north continue to protest against and criticise the "Flour Syndicate," but it is making progress none the less. "The North-Eastern Milling Company," as it is to be named, has acquired about 25 mills in Berwick, Bishop Auckland, Stockton-on-Tees, Darlington, Newcastle, York, and Hull, and operations are to be commenced, it is expected, next month. These mills have an aggregate capacity of about 40,000 sacks of flour per week. So far as the imports of flour are concerned the immediate position is favourable, as there has been a falling-off in the amount sent to us from abroad. The figures for the last three years are as follows:—

Year.	Quantities.	Values.
1888	16,913,000 cwt.	£9,535,000
1887	18,057,000 ,,	10,020,000
1886	14,739,000 ,,	8,254,000

The decline in the imports from the United States has been most marked during the closing months of the year, and very little is expected for some time yet, owing to the shortness of the American crop. But this is not a permanent condition of things, and, as the *Millers' Gazette* puts it, "it will be impossible for this company to materially raise the price of flour in the districts named without attracting plenty of flour from outside the circle. This is perfectly well known to those conversant with the milling business, and whatever may be the outcome of the movement, it is pretty certain that the company cannot expect to make large profits, the principal direction in which it may hope to find a dividend for its shareholders being in minimising the cost of manufacture, of transport, &c."

THE SULLIVAN AND KILRAIN FIGHT.

A Central News telegram from New York says it is now stated that Kilrain is not pleased with the terms of the engagement, and at present seems inclined to break it off.

OUTWITTING THE IRISH CONSTABULARY.

Mr. Cox, M.P., arrived at Clare last night in connection with the Plan of Campaign, was pursued by a large force of police early this morning, from Kildysart to Tullycrine. At the latter place he succeeded in addressing a large gathering of people having outwitted the constabulary.

"BROOKWOOD" NOT YET BOUGHT.

Negotiations, it is said, continue to proceed between the National Rifle Association and the owners of the soil at Brookwood, in order that the site of "the new Wimbledon" may speedily be acquired; but they are occupying so much time that it is still in a high degree probable that this year's rifle competition will once more take place on the old site. No further meeting of the council has yet been called, but a committee meeting will be held on Friday to consider the progress of affairs.

AN ART GIFT TO BIRMINGHAM.

It was announced at the Birmingham Council meeting yesterday that Mr. Richard Peyton has presented to the Museum and Art Gallery a picture by an eminent German artist, Herr Ernst Körner, of Berlin. It represents the great pylon or gateway, and a portion of the Temple of Edfoo, on the Nile in Upper Egypt, which lies between Thebes and the First Cataract, and which is probably the best preserved temple, for it has suffered little from the injuries of time or man.

A BIG BEAUTY SHOW FOR LONDON.

Writes one of our representatives:—I have just seen Mr. T. J. Barrett (Messrs. Pears), and he has given me a few details of his latest idea, which is none other than to hold a great beauty show to delight London. "What put it into your head, Mr. Barrett?" I asked.—"Well, it is the hundredth anniversary of our firm, and I wished to signalize it by something new, and something fresh, and—something beautiful. So I determined to hold a Beauty Show."

"Are they to be English beauties?"

"Not a bit of it. Of all nationalities—English, French, German, Russian, Italian—and then across the seas to the far East, not forgetting America."

"How do you propose to collect them?"

"What a question for a newspaper man! Why, advertise, of course. Advertise all over the world."

"But you will be surfeited with beauties, Mr. Barrett."

"Yes, but I shall ask for photographs, and select about thirty. Mind you, the censorship will be very severe. I thought of trying to persuade some R.A. to decide upon the merits of the Venuses but I should also like to let the great public have a word to say; so every visitor will vote for his choice, be she dark or fair, or short, or tall."

"And what will the prizes be?"

"I fancy I shall make the first about £200, but I have not settled any of the details yet."

"When?"

"In the height of the season."

"Where?"

"In a hall that is accessible, but I cannot tell you yet. Not in this hall, at any rate."

"And how will you arrange the beauties?"

"They will sit or stand in little niches, and will be attired in evening dress. I need not say that I shall see that the competing ladies are well cared for, and I shall take an hotel for them somewhere. During the competition, which will last for a fortnight, they will be my charges."

"You should give a ball when it's all over, Mr. Barrett."

"That is just what I intend to do. The press, as you may know, is to present me with a testimonial, and I thought a Big Beauty Ball would serve to mark the occasion."

CLOSE OF THE DONEGAL EVICTIONS.

The last of the Falcarragh evictions was not attended yesterday by that violent resistance which was apprehended. On the bailiffs reaching Curran's fortified house, stones were thrown out at them, and they were obliged to withdraw. Mr. Bourke, the resident magistrate, thereupon read the Riot Act, and told the men in the house that he would be obliged to order forward a firing party. He then waited an hour, and at the conclusion of that period read the Riot Act again. When at the close of the declaration the words, "God save the Queen," were uttered, the tenants shouted, "God save Ireland!" Major Mends assured those in the fortified building that if he received orders to fire it would be effective. Father Kerley appealed to those in the building not to have any bloodshed. The tenants replied that they would shed their last drop of blood before surrendering to the emergency men. Thereupon the bailiffs were directed to retire, Major Mends making the remark that there would be no disgrace in surrendering to soldiers. The men then came down and were taken into custody, but were afterwards admitted to bail. This concludes the Olphert evictions.

The international skating contest was opened yesterday at Amsterdam The principal event was the half mile in the International Amateur Championship, which resulted as follows:—A. von Panschin (St. Petersburg), first; K. Pender (Haarlem), second; W. Loveday (Welney), third; and C. Tebbutt (St. Ives), fourth. W. Loveday covered the distance in 1 min. 34 sec.

Mrs. Bernard-Beere is just now in Paris, superintending the preparation of the dresses she requires for the part of Mrs. Hector Sternhold in "Still Waters Run Deep." Later she will migrate to the Garrick, where she is to appear as the English Tosca. M. Jan Van beers, the painter, is advising the actress in the matter of her costumes.

THERMOMETER. FORECAST ISSUED AT 11 A.M. TO-DAY. BAROMETER.

South England (with London and Channel).—South-westerly and southerly winds, fresh or strong; changeable, some rain.

HIGH WATER London Bridge. Morn. 7 h. 15 m. After. 7 m. 37 m.

SUN Rises 8 h. 6 m. ,, Sets 4 m. 9 m. MOON—First Qr. 9th, 0 h. 41 m. Mg.

THE WIND AT NOON TO-DAY

Noon to-day ◄ Yesterday

Yesterday ► Noon to-day

WEATHER AT NOON TO-DAY, January 9, 1889.—Cloudy; damp; wind moderate.

Readings by NEGRETTI and ZAMBRA'S *Instruments.*

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

DEATH.—BHOWNAGGREE.—On Friday, November 23, 1888, at Breach Candy, Bombay, Miss Ave Bhownaggree, aged nineteen years two months and twenty-eight days: late of London.

THE MONEY MARKET.

Half-past One

HOME AND AMERICAN RAILWAYS WEAK.—FOREIGN STOCKS HARDER.—NO SPECIAL FEATURE.

The supply of loanable capital seeking employment in the open market is not so abundant as during the earlier part of the week, but there is still quite sufficient for all ordinary requirements, and the quotation for short loans is no better than 2½ per cent. There is not much increase in the number of bills offering for discount, and the rate for three months' bank bills remains easy at 3 per cent. The continued decline in the open market rate of discount here is still affecting Continental exchanges, and all rates are now much less favourable to this country than they were a little time back The Bank, it is true, has lately received daily amounts of gold from the Continent, but they have been too small to appreciably affect the position, and it is not at all improbable that even these may cease, especially if the value of money in this market falls any lower.

There is an absence of speculative activity in the Stock Markets again this morning, and values have not moved to any appreciable extent. The tendency in most directions is rather unfavourable, prices drooping on account of the small amount of support given to markets. Investment securities generally continue to receive a large share of attention and are firm, particularly for Home Funds, New Consols for money showing a further advance of ¼. The Government is still reported to be buying Consols. In the Home Railway market a little disappointment is felt at the traffic returns so far as at present published and stock has been rather offered. About the only firm security is Chatham Preference, which continues to be bought for Continental account. In the Foreign department rather more strength is shown and the majority of the variations are to higher prices. Egyptian descriptions, however, are dull, also Portuguese bonds. American Railroads are again all fractionally lower, the report that the presidents of the Western and South Western roads have had a meeting and decided to maintain rates and to perfect the machinery to carry that agreement into effect, having failed to have any beneficial influence. Union Pacific shares are especially flat, on rumours that Congress will probably take no action on the Refunding Bill. Trunks and Mexicans are dull and lower. Spanish Copper Mining shares are weak, but Salt Union shares have been inquired for.

The first batch of allotment letters of the International Investment Trust (Limited) have been posted, and the balance and letters of regret will be sent out to-day.

Tenders for the Metropolitan Gas Company of Melbourne Four and a Half per Cent. Loan of £50,000 were opened yesterday at the Commercial Bank of Australia, and amounted to £228,200 at prices ranging from the minimum of £105 to £109. Tenders at £106 16s. 6d. will receive about 31 per cent. of the amount applied for, and those above that price in full full. The average price obtained for the loan is £107 1s. 10d.

The moral which investors should draw from the affairs of the Continental Metropolitan Tramways Company is this, that they should inspect the documents and contracts rather than the prospectus of any undertaking to which they are invited to subscribe. But as a member of the investigation committee remarked yesterday, that is what they will never do. The shareholders of the company have now thought it better to accept the terms offered by the vendors rather than sue them in a court of law. As the promoters of the company bought the tramways for £302,120 and sold them to the company for £475,000, they can easily afford to return something out of the balance of £172,880. The concession which the company were to obtain as a mere matter of form has not yet been secured from the authorities of Paris, and although they are in possession of and working the property, their position is not secure without it.

The movement for better management in the railroad business of the United States is making progress. The presidents of the companies with lines west o Chicago and St. Louis met yesterday in New York, with members of the banking firms of Drexel, Morgan, and Co., Brown Brothers and Co., and Kidder, Peabody, and Co. An adjourned meeting will be held to-morrow, which the presidents of the Trunk line companies are invited to attend. The unanimous opinion appears to be that the Inter-State Commerce Act should be strictly enforced.

A semi-official denial comes from Rome of the report that the Italian Government intends to issue a loan.

The applications for the debenture stock of Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Co. (Limited) amounted to £3,052,000. The sum asked for was £800,000.

TRAFFICS.—*Increases*: Lancashire and Yorkshire, £1,775; North Eastern, £742; Metropolitan, £324; District, £206; Eastern and Midland, £164. *Decreases*: Midland, £5,661; North Staffords, £762; Great Eastern, £1,756; Sheffield, £691.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET.—The market opened quiet, with a fair demand. Probable sales 10,000 bales or more. Prices on the spot are steady. Futures are one point higher.

DIVIDENDS ANNOUNCED.

United Discount Company, at the rate of 9 per cent.; North Western Bank, at the rate of 7 per cent, per annum for past half-year; South Wales Union Bank, at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum for past half-year; Union Bank of Australia, £1 10s. per share, or 12 per cent. per annum, leaving £22,000 to be carried forward; the Bank of Madras, at the rate of 8 per cent.; and Merchants' Marine Insurance Company, at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum on 1887 account.

The following are the latest movements compared with last night:—

HOME RAILWAYS.—*Improved*: Chatham Preference ¼, and Hull and Barnsley ⅛. *Receded*: Caledonian, North Western, and South Eastern Deferred ¼ each, Great Eastern, Great Western, Brighton Deferred, Midland, and North British Preferred ⅛. FOREIGN STOCKS.—*Advanced*: Turkish 1871 and Defence ¼, Group 2 ⅜, French Three per Cents. ¼, Hungarian Gold, and Italian ⅛, and Peruvian 1870 1-16 *Declined*: Uruguay ¼, Portuguese ¼, Egyptian State Domain ¼, the Daira ⅛, and Peruvian 1872 1-16.

AMERICAN RAILWAYS.—*Risen*: Erie Second Mortgage ¼, and Central Pacific ⅛. *Fallen*: Union Pacific ⅜, Illinois Central ½, Louisville and Nashville and Ohio and Mississippi Ordinary ⅜, Denver Preference ¼, Lake Shore, Milwaukee and St. Paul, Erie Shares, Norfolk and Western Preference, Ontario and Pennsylvania shares ⅛.

CANADIAN AND FOREIGN RAILWAYS.—*Lower*: Mexican Ordinary, First and Second Preference ¼, Grand Trunk First and Second Preference ⅛, Varna Obligations ⅛, and Lombardo-Venetian 1-16.

MINES AND MISCELLANEOUS.—*Improved*: Salt shares ⅜, Suez Canal ¼, Hudson's Bay ⅛, and De Beers ⅛. *Receded*: Spratts ⅛, Mason and Barry and Rio Tinto 1-16.

The following are this day's 1 o'clock prices of the principal Stocks and Shares:—

BRITISH FUNDS, ETC.			
Consols	99⅞	100⅛	
New Consols (2¾)	98⅞	9	
Reduced 3 p. c.	100¼	¼	
Local Loan Stock	103⅛	¼	
New 2¾ per Cent.	99¼	¾	
India 3½ per Cent.	107	⅛	
Do. 4½ p. c. Ru.	101	2	
Egyptian Guar.	111⅛	12⅛	
Met. Bd. Wks. 3½	103½	4	
Do. 3 p. c. Scrip	111	12	
BirminghamCrp.St	111	⅛	
Liverpool			
FOREIGN STOCKS.			
Argentine 6 p. c.	101	3	
Do. Hard Dols.	67⅛	8⅛	
Do. Treasury	91	3	
Austrian Gold	68	70	
Do. Silver	101½	2½xd	
Brazilian 1875	103	1	
B. Ayres 6 p. c.	89	½	
Do. Cedulas I.	91½	⅜	
Chilian 4½ p. c. 1885	100	2 xd	
Costa Rica A	91	2	
Do. B	89	90	
Egypt. State Dom.	100¼	1⅜	
Do. Unified	85½	½	
Do. Preference	102¾	⅜	
Do. Daira Sanieh	79⅛	⅜	
French 5 p. c. Rnts.	91½	2½xd	
Do. 4½ p. c. Rnts.	103¾	⅝	
Greek 5 p. c. 1881	84	½xd	
Hung. Gold Rentes	84⅛	⅝xd	
Italian	94⅜	⅜xd	
Mexican Consolidated	39⅜	⅜xd	
Peruvian 5 p. c. '72	14⅛	15	
Do. 6 p. c.	16⅛	⅜	
Portuguese	65⅜	⅛xd	
Russian 1873	99⅜	⅛	
Spanish 4 p. c.	72	7 16 9/16 xd	
Turkish 1854	99	101	
Group 1	25½	¼	
Group 2	15¾	⅜	
Group 4	16	⅜	
4½ p. c. 1871	63⅜	4⅛	
5 p. c. Defence	59⅜	6¼	
8 p. c. Unified	3⅜	5	
Uruguay Unified	65½	70 xd	
Virginia Funded	40	1	
U.S. 4½ p. c.	110	12	
BRITISH RAILWAYS.			
Caledonian	113	¼	
Great Eastern	60¾	¼	
Great Northern	118	19	
Ditto A	102½	3½	
Great Western	151¼	¾	
Hull and Barnsley	33¾	¾	
Lanc. and York.	119	19	
Brighton(Ordinary)	143	5	
Brighton A	132½	¾	
Chatham(Ordinary)	24½	¾	
Do. Preference	105¼	¾	
North Western	174⅜	⅜	
South Western	143½	4½	
Manchester & Shef.	68	70	
Do. A	35½	⅜	
Met. Consolidated	76¾	7¼	
Do. Land Stock	68½	70½	
Do. District	33	⅜	
Midland	137¼	⅝	
North British Pref.	79½	⅜	
Do Def.	57½	⅜	
North Eastern	163¼	⅜	
North Stafford	114½	15½	
South Eastern	132	4	
Do. Deferred	107⅞	8⅛	
FOREIGN RAILWAYS.			
Canada Pacific	53	¼	
Can. Pacific Share	36½	¾	
Chic. Mil. and St. Pl.	64⅛	⅞	
Denver & R. Grande	16¼	17	
Do. Pref.	44¼	5½	
Illinois Shares	117	18	
Lake Shore	106	¾	
Ohio & Mississippi	21½	2	
Louis. and Nash.	87¾	8	
Mex. Cen. Bonds	69	½xd	
Miss. Kan. & Texas	13½	14	
N. Y. Cen. Shares	111¾	¼	
New York Ontario	15¾	½	
Erie Shares	27⅜	⅞	
Do. Sec. Mort.	100½	1	
Norfolk & West. Pref	51¾	2	
N.Y.P. & O. 1st M.	34½	⅝xd	
North Pacific Pref.	69¼	1	
Pennsylvania Sh.	54¼	6	
Phil. & Read. Sh.	24⅛	⅝	
UnionPacificShares	65¼	¼	
Wabash Preference	25	¼	
Do. Gen. Mort.	39½	40½	
Grand Trunk Ord.	10¼	⅜	
Do. First Pref.	62½	⅜	
Do. Second Pref.	45½	⅜	
Do. Third Pref.	25½	⅜	
Do. Guaranteed	71½	¼	
Mexican Ordinary	42¼	¼	
Do. First Pref.	115¼	¼	
Ob. do. 2nd Pref.	70¾	¼	
Lombardo-Venetian	9	⅛	
Varna 5 per cent.	8	⅛	
Nitrate Railway	27¼	8¼	
BANKS.			
Alliance Bank	144	¾	
City Bank	203	1½	
Consolidated Bank	8	⅛	
Imperial Ottoman	113	⅜	
London and County	67	⅜	
Union of London	40	1	
London and West.	68¼	9½	
London Joint Stock	40	1	
Nat. Prov. of Eng.	43	¢	
Stand. Bnk. S. Africa	50½	1⅜	
MINES.			
Indian Consolidated	5/16	¾	
Mysore shares	3⅝	⅞	
Ooregums	1⅝	¾	
Cape Copper	6¼	6	
Namaqua	3⅞	4⅛	
Mason and Barry	9⅛	⅛	
Rio Tinto	25	¼	
Montana £1 shares	2	¼	
De Beers new shares	15⅜	⅝	
S. African Explor.	16⅜	17½xd	
TELEGRAPHS & TELEPHONES			
Anglo-American	48⅜	9½	
Do. Pref.	80½	1½	
BrazilianSubmarine	13¼	⅞	
Direct Unit. States	9¼	10	
Eastern	12¾	⅛	
Ditto Extension	12⅛	⅜	
United Telephone	14⅜	⅜	
Globe Teleg. Trust	6⅞	7⅛	
TRAMWAYS, ETC.			
London Gen. Om.	200	10	
London Street	13	14	
London Tramway	14½	15⅝	
North Metropolitan	17½	18	
WATERWORKS.			
ChelseaWaterworks	250	61 xd	
East London	200	3	
Grand Junction	121	5	
Kent	277	82	
Lambeth	252	7 xd	
New River, New	350	60	
Sthwrk & Vauxhall	166	70	
W. Middlesex	262	7	
GAS & ELECTRIC LIGHT.			
Gaslight & Coke A	262	7	
Imp. Continental	207	10	
South Metropolitan	299	304	
BrushElectLt(Appl)	3¼	4¼	
MISCELLANEOUS.			
Allsopp	8	¼	
Guinness and Co.	310	12½	
Hotchkiss	11¾	12	
Bryant and May	12⅜	13¼	
Spratt's Patent	10⅜	⅝	
Liverpool Nitrate	29	31	
Primitiva Nitrate	37⅜	8¼	
Salt Union Shares	4¼	½pm	
P. and O. Steam	65	7	
Royal Mail Steam	62	4	
Nat. Discount Co.	11½	12	
Hudson's Bay	18⅞	19¼	
Suez Canal	86¼	¾	
B. & W. Ind. Dock	18	21	
London and St. K.	40	2	

The following are quotations of securities receiving attention at present, and not given in our list above:—

Bulgarian Six per Cents.	87½	8⅝	Spes Bona	5¾	6¾
Bell's Asbestos	17½	18½	Wemmers	14	⅜
Tarapaca Bank	5⅛	6¼pm	Langhagtes	6½	⅜
Tarapaca Water	15⅛	16	Jubilee	9⅝	10
Ocean Land	17½	18½	Robinson	58	60
Jumper's Gold	15	¼	San Jorge	9	⅜pm

TO-DAY'S TITTLE TATTLE.

The Villa La Rochefoucauld at Biarritz, which has been taken for the Queen, stands about a mile and a half from the sea, on the road to Bayonne. It has been taken from February 1, and her Majesty will spend about five weeks at the Pyrenean watering-place.

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I hear that the Empress Eugénie has derived considerable benefit from the treatment of the famous Amsterdam specialist to whom she resorted in the hope that he would be able to rid her of her rheumatism. She has a slight cough, but otherwise she is very well.

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The Empress lives a very quiet and retired life at Farnborough, in the house now called the Castle, which she bought from Mrs. Longman. Lady Wood, whose husband is now in command at Aldershot, often comes over to the service in the church, which after five years' building is still incomplete. Mass is celebrated every morning at nine in the Empress's private chapel in the Castle. In the church on Sunday there are three services to which the public are admitted.

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The *Society Herald* is responsible for the assertion that the Comtesse de Paris is to be seen smoking a short clay pipe as she drives about in the neighbourhood of East Sheen. Many ladies smoke cigarettes, but hitherto pipes have been so sternly tabooed that I am sure the *Society Herald* has been misled.

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Blasé London will be pleased to hear about the big beauty show which Mr. Barratt (Messrs. Pears) intends to hold during the coming season. As appears in another column, thirty beauties will be selected from the applicants, whose merits will be decided by popular vote. It goes without saying that the Venuses will wash with Pears' soap.

***

"We are having lovely weather here," writes a friend from Davos, "but the snow has been disappearing rapidly, and the hillsides were getting quite bare, as we were only having some 12 deg. of frost at night, and the sun and south-west wind thawed during the day. The last two nights, however, there have been 31 deg. of frost, and to-day, at four, there were 24 deg.; so I guess the thawing is checked at last."

***

I am much puzzled to know what becomes of the wealth of hot-house flowers which are used for church decorations at fashionable weddings. Do they remain till their creamy petals turn rusty and damp, then to go the way of all things terrestrial? Or is it true, as a lady charitably remarked, when looking at the lovely blossoms twining round the chancel railings of St. Paul's, Wilton-place, yesterday afternoon, "they are made into large bouquets and sent to the hospitals"?

***

I tried to ask the caretaker of the church, but she, poor woman, was entirely worried out of her usual equanimity by all the demands made on her space, especially by one stout party who persisted in affirming that she had been told to keep fifty seats reserved upstairs for "friends of the family." She also explained about some of the fifty that "they wasn't able to come sooner, as they had to dress their ladies for the wedding," and when the poor caretaker mildly remonstrated that she, being only one against so many, could not possibly keep fifty desperate spectators at bay, the said party only repeated her loud demand till the bride arrived, and then she relapsed into complete silence, and in the bliss of the moment forgot all about the fifty. It is these little by-plays which rob grand weddings of much of their poetry and add immensely to their humour.

***

I heard the other day a good little story of Dr. Geffcken, who has just achieved so signal a triumph over Prince Bismarck. The learned Doctor a quarter of a century ago was on a visit to this country, when he was tackled at a country house by a very vehement Englishman, who took the Danish side of the Schleswig-Holstein question. Dr. Geffcken listened for a time, and then said: "Why should you discuss this question with me? In my house I have a room 18 feet square that is filled with nothing but pamphlets on Schleswig-Holstein." He spoke as a polemical Cæsar who kindly detailed the strength of his legions to the chief of a petty frontier State. Controversy with the master of so many pamphlets was manifestly impossible.

YESTERDAY'S MARRIAGE AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

THE SCENE DESCRIBED.

English crowds, they say, are always patient, but they are never more so than when they are waiting for a Drawing Room or a wedding. It is quite curious for what a variety of people a vision of fine birds in fine feathers proves attractive, and how much they will endure for one peep into high life, dressed in its gala garments. On Saturday the crowd in front of the Guards' Chapel ventured almost under the hoofs of the scores of champing horses carrying the bridal party to church, and not one of all the crowd seemed to be conscious of the bitter, icy cold and the grey, suffocating fog. Yesterday the weather was more propitious when the Hon. R. W. Chetwynd and Miss F. U. Naylor-Leyland were joined in holy matrimony at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, which is now *the* fashionable church *par excellence* of the West-end. The interior of St. Paul's is somewhat gloomily gorgeous, notwithstanding its hundreds of gas flames and its walls of shining tiles, on which are depicted scenes from Scripture. The "decorable" parts of the church were still adorned with Christmas texts and evergreens, but nobody looked at them, since the chancel and altar were so resplendent wth bridal flowers. The floral decorations for the wedding were really exceptionally tasteful, and I thought (writes one of our representatives) that the arum lilies on the chancel railings were the most magnificent of their kind which I have seen for many a month. The altar candles looked down upon many vases filled with the choicest of pure white hot-house bloom.

The four bridesmaids arrived in very good time, so that there was plenty of time to admire their exquisite bouquets of pink and white flowers and such parts of their airy, fairy pink silk dresses as could be seen under their wraps, for all four were wise virgins who had donned warm cloaks to come to church. One of the young ladies wore a very becoming loose cloak of some pompadour-looking material, tied at the throat with olive green ribbons, and lined with the daintiest of pink silks. The congregation was very fashionable and very richly attired, and I do not remember ever having seen the sparkle of so many big diamonds in any place of worship. The hundreds of gas flames "brought them out" to perfection, and wherever you looked the cold, clear twinkle attracted the eye. But all their brilliancy was as nothing before the right royal diadem of diamonds worn by the bride in her golden hair. The wedding dress, with its long Court train, matched the rich head gear, and as the bride walked slowly, very slowly, up to the altar, it seemed to me that the mass of stiff, ivory-coloured satin was a somewhat heavy burden to its fair wearer.

Among the lady spectators I noticed a large number of gowns which were studies in black and white. Black and terra-cotta was also to the fore, and greys of many shades; all, of course, in the Empire or Directoire style. It is quite astonishing how taste in dress has improved during the last few years; there is hardly an ugly dress to be found anywhere in a congregation of "dressy" people, and I was, therefore, the more struck with what seemed to me a very unbecoming costume of heliotrope velvet, trimmed with silvery grebe and furnished with epaulettes falling from the shoulders down over the elbows, and trimmed all round with the breasts of I do not know how many unfortunate sea-birds. Upstairs the "undressed" multitude stood on seats and cushions, the better to behold the show, and outside jolly-faced cabbies, incongruously "dressed in" white satin favours over their weather-beaten coats, nudged in their great eagerness to "spectate" against the plush and beaver of the fair maidens who had no tickets of admission, but who were determined to see what could be seen. A great many gentlemen were present too, but I was too busy watching the ladies to notice aught beside their button holes of lilies or of violets; though, verily, I saw that some of them wore two bouquets, one above the other, and yet the effect was not pleasing.

Admiral Sir R. Vesey Hamilton took his seat as second Naval Lord, in succession to Vice-Admiral Sir Anthony Hoskins, at the Admiralty Board on Monday. Admiral Hamilton has appointed Mr. G. H. Hoste to be his private secretary.

Bord's Pianos. 25 per cent. discount for cash, or 15s. per month (Second-hand, 10s. 6d. per month) on the three years' system. Illustrated Lists free of CHAS. STILES and CO., 42, SOUTHAMPTON-ROW, HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C. Pianos exchanged.

THE REPTILES WRIGGLE IN VAIN.

THEIR LATEST SUBTERFUGE EXPOSED.

INTERVIEW WITH M. PIETRI.

ANOTHER LIE NAILED TO THE COUNTER.

The libellers who disgrace the profession of journalists and the good name of Germans by persisting in calumniating Sir Robert Morier to order, long after they have been convinced of his innocence yesterday took refuge in a new subterfuge. They reluctantly admitted that they could no longer even pretend that Sir Robert had sent a despatch to Bazaine, but, with the desperation which makes a drowning man clutch at a straw, they declared that the Empress Eugénie had been apprised of the contents of one of Sir Robert's despatches, and that it was on the strength of information so obtained that she sent the telegram to the Emperor on the morning of the 16th of August, which appears in the histories of the war. Proof of this there is none. That, however, is of no consequence to a Reptile writhing in despair.

It is quite possible that the Empress received news from London of the crossing of the Moselle on the 15th of August, but there is no need to resort to the fantastic supposition that she learnt it from any indiscretion at the English Court, or from the disclosure of any of Morier's despatches. For this reason: Any one who turns to the *Times* of August 15, 1870, will find in the first leading article all the facts set out at length which the *Kölnische Zeitung* accused Sir Robert Morier of treasonably communicating to Bazaine on the 16th! The facts were in the *Times* and in all the other papers on the 15th; and as the London papers reach Paris on the day of publication the Empress probably read in the Tuileries, on the night of the 15th, in the London newspapers the information on which she based her telegram of the 16th.

In order to ascertain at first hand whether this was the genesis of the telegram of the 16th of August, a representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette* went down to Farnborough yesterday afternoon. Unfortunately, however, it was the eve of the sixteenth anniversary of the late Emperor's death, and the Empress, as her custom is on these occasions, was in strict seclusion. Being thus absorbed in the contemplation of the dead, it was of course impossible to expect the widow to tear herself away from the sad and tender associations of her personal bereavement to ransack her memory as to the origin of a telegram despatched more than eighteen years ago, when the Empire was in the crisis of its fate, and France was plunging headlong to the catastrophe of Sedan. M. Pietri, the Empress's secretary, whose name is intimately associated with the later days of the dynasty which he has served with such incomparable fidelity, received our representative with every courtesy in his apartment in the Castle. He explained how unfortunate it was that this was the one day of all others when the Empress could not allow any personal questions to intrude upon the sacred meditation to which her time was devoted; but, he said, with a smile, "after all it does not much matter, for the truth is so obvious, and so well appreciated by public opinion, not only in England, but everywhere, even in Germany, that it needs no confirmation from any one else."

"Quite true; but whenever your opponent deals out a lie it is best to nail it to the counter."

"Yes," said M. Pietri, "but there are some things too absurd even for contradiction. And on the face of it this is one of them. The Empress had no relations, confidential or otherwise, with Sir Robert Morier. Whether he was ever presented to her or not as hundreds are presented every drawing-room to her Majesty the Queen I do not know, but if he was that was all. Who was he, and where was he then? He was accredited to Darmstadt, on terms of friendly intimacy with the Princess Alice, whose husband and whose relatives were in the German army. And yet he, so situated, was to telegraph to the Empress, whom he did not know, the news about the movements of the Germans! It is ridiculous."

"Yes, but the latest allegation is that the news was sent by some one in the English Court, which Bismarck in his astonishing Rescript says was so French in its sympathies. We never knew it in England. What was your impression in France?"

"Judge for yourself. Her Majesty had two daughters whose husbands were serving in the German army. Where was it likely that sympathy would lie? No. We had our informations, no doubt; but they were from our own agents, not from you directly or indirectly. And so every one believes. Sir Robert Morier is very well able to take care of himself. It is not in the least necessary that the Empress should intervene in the controversy for the truth to be quite apparent to all the world."

"Were you with her Majesty at Paris at the time?"

"No; I was with the Emperor and the army."

"Then perhaps you could tell me about Marshal Bazaine. Did you know him?"

"Not personally, but I knew of him. What do you wish to know?"

"About his education, and the bad French of his letter."

"The Marshal had no education. He was never at school. He began life as a common private. Yes, he was one of those *soldats* of France in whose knapsack lies a marshal's bâton. He never could write good French, and as for his grammar, the less said the better."

"But even the *Débats* says that he ought not to be held answerable for the French of the letter."

"How? There again you enter the domain of the impossible. Who can even suggest that Sir Robert Morier would bring forward a fabrication or forgery? It is too gross. No one can believe such a thing. No, no. Let them fight their own battles. Believe me, your Ambassador is very well able to take care of himself."

DISCLAIMER FROM THE EMPRESS AUGUSTA.

The Bismarckian papers, in their zeal to discredit Sir Robert Morier, have brought the Empress Augusta down upon them. Some few days ago the *Fremdenblatt*, says the *Times* correspondent at Berlin, made bold to assert that it knew very well, and that too upon trustworthy authority, where Sir Robert Morier, when at Darmstadt in 1870, got all his information about the movements of the German armies. Sir Robert's informant, said the *Fremdenblatt*, was none other than the deceased Dr. Brandis, a gentleman who, in his capacity as Kabinetsrath to Queen Augusta, had, when with the latter at Homburg, to decipher for her all her secret messages from the seat of war, and who thus was in a position to become acquainted with intelligence which he traitorously hastened to communicate to the English Chargé d'Affaires at Darmstadt. This was a statement which deeply pained the Empress Augusta, both in the interests of truth and on account of the unsullied memory of a faithful servant who ever proved himself as discreet as he was devoted to his Royal mistress and the interests of the Crown, and therefore her Majesty's secretary has, on behalf of the Empress, written to the analogous official of the Chancellor, begging the latter to deny a statement thus launched with such a pretence of authority—a request with which the Chancellor has complied, by simply sending Herr von der Knesebeck's communication to the *Reichsanzeiger*. In this communication it is pointed out that only such telegrams reached the Empress from the seat of war as were intended for immediate publication, so that it was thus impossible for Dr. Brandis to come by secret intelligence as to the prospective movements of the German troops; while, apart from that, it is further recalled that the Queen had not yet left Berlin in August, during which month the German armies made good their advance across the Moselle. It was only in October that Queen Augusta made a short stay at Homburg.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE POPE.

ANOTHER LETTER AND STILL NO LIGHT.

The following, says the *Daily News*, is the text of the letter written by Mr. Gladstone to the Rome correspondent of the *Tablet*:—

"Dear Sir,—I find myself engaged in a correspondence indeed extraordinary. I've had to discuss translations of a letter of which the original is neither before my eyes nor clearly in my memory. And now again you (very naturally) question me on a telegram which does not in terms correspond with my original text. I assure you that in this strange position I have had no intention to find fault with any one. There is but one way out of the difficulty that I know. My letter to Signor Riso, which was private, has been published without my authority. I suppose you (from your words) to have been the medium of the publication. If so, you must have access, I conceive, to the original text. Let that original text be produced, and then I shall know what I am about. In the meantime I feel certain that I have not written words recommending that the restoration of the Pope's temporal dominion in Italy should be made the subject of international arbitration. I quite agree with you that the words 'under present circumstances,' as they stand in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, are without sense or meaning.—I am, dear Sir, your very faithful and obedient,

"Rocca Bella, Napoli, Jan. 5." "W. E. GLADSTONE."

The *Standard's* Roman correspondent telegraphs:—"A report was, however, received yesterday at the Vatican from those charged with watching the question which says that from political motives which are easy to understand Mr. Gladstone has now decided not to enter on the discussion of the subject. This change has caused deep disappointment at the Vatican."

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TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS FOR SOUTH LAMBETH, BUT THE PUBLIC MUST RAISE £40,000.

Mr. E. Spicer, the chairman of the executive committee of the South London Polytechnic Institutes, writes:—"A noble and generous man, a friend of the Rev. Mr. Forrester, of Clapham, has, through him, signified his intention to give £20,000, provided £40,000 more be raised, for a polytechnic institute in the district of Battersea. This gentleman is anxious that it should be conducted on broad lines, and be as complete as any existing institute of the kind. He will give this amount on condition that a suitable endowment be provided for its maintenance. Another princely giver, whose name I am not yet permitted to mention, has promised me £10,000 for the same purpose. Since those two promises have been made another £500 has been offered. The Albert Palace at Battersea has been offered to my committee, and the freehold of the site can be obtained from H.M. Commissioners of Crown Lands. Before deciding the question of the suitability of the Palace, Sir Lyon Playfair has been asked, and has kindly consented, to act as chairman of a committee, which we hope will be composed of men thoroughly conversant with the needs of an institute such as we require in the district of Battersea, and will report on the question. The Charity Commissioners have already apportioned the £150,000 they promised us as an endowment to two of the institutes out of the three, the sites of which are now almost definitely settled, at New-cross and near the Elephant and Castle. We are therefore appealing to them to grant us a further sum to complete our scheme for the third institute. . . . . We are therefore now appealing to the public for the remainder of the funds we require—namely, £30,000 to £40,000—and I feel confident we shall not appeal in vain."

MR. GLADSTONE AT POMPEII.

Mr. Gladstone, favoured by magnificent weather, yesterday morning went to Pompeii, where, says the *Daily News* correspondent, he was received by the Directors of Excavations—Professors Ruggiero and Sogliano—the guards, in their gala uniforms, being drawn up at the gate. Proceeding through the Museum and Forum, Mr. Gladstone visited the house of Fauns. After luncheon at Jupiter's Temple, an excavation was made of a house bearing the name of its owner, Æmilius Celer, a painter of inscriptions. Many interesting objects were brought to light, especially well preserved amphoral vases, &c., Mr. Gladstone watching the proceedings with the greatest interest. It took an hour to make the excavation.

SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN'S LITERARY LONGINGS.

Sir George Trevelyan, just before the close of the Session, received from the author a copy of an essay embodying a study of "Lord Macaulay's English." Acknowledging the receipt of the work, Sir George wrote: "It is extraordinary how the world, by its increasing demand for Macaulay's writings, shows its agreement with you, and how few of the critics unite in that opinion. It is the men of the world, from Mr. Gladstone down to the artisan, who form Macaulay's *clientèle*, and there is to me an exquisite sense of enjoyment in comparing the announcements which, ever since I can remember, the teachers of criticism have made about Macaulay losing his hold on the public with the ever-increasing sale of his works. Reading over your paper at night, after a somewhat rowdy debate, I had a great rush of regret at having abandoned literature, but that feeling comes seldom."

ANOTHER ROBINSON CRUSOE.

A curious story has been told by Professor Lee, who accompanied, as naturalist, a recent expedition to the South Pacific Ocean. Years ago (says *Cassell's Saturday Journal*) the Ecuador Government planted a convict colony on Charles Island, one of the Galapogos group. The convicts revolted, killed the Governor, and escaped, leaving behind pigs, cattle, donkeys, and horses. Since that time no one was thought to live there, and at Chatham Island, another of the group, the exploring party were told that Charles Island was entirely deserted. They were, therefore, rather surprised when they visited Charles Island to come upon a man nearly naked, carrying a pig on his back. He was quite as surprised as they, and was at first in great fear, but finally they got him to talk. His hair and beard had grown to great length, and he had lost all notion of time. He said that some years before he had come from Chatham Island with a party in search of a certain valuable moss, that he had deserted his companions, who had gone off without him, and that since that time he had been alone on the island. He had lived on fruits and herbs, had captured wild cattle by setting traps for them, killed them with a spear made by tying his pocket-knife to a stick, and from their hides made a hut. He was glad to see men again, and asked to be taken back to Chatham Island, which was granted, of course.

A CLERK'S FRAUDS—CORRECTION.

Our attention has been called by the proprietor of the *Bazaar, Exchange, and Mart* to a report in our issue of the 5th inst. of the trial and conviction of a man named Dobson at the Middlesex sessions for fraud. The paragraph conveys the impression that the frauds were committed by the prisoner advertising in the above-mentioned paper. This was not so. He was not connected with the *Bazaar* in any way. On the charge of defrauding advertisers in the *Bazaar* he was convicted of larceny by a trick, and the second indictment was for carrying on a fraudulent ladies' agency. No imputation was of course intended to be cast upon the proprietor of the *Bazaar*.

For the last two days Vesuvius has been in a state of great activity, and it is feared that a serious eruption is impending.

Major the Hon. Charles Keith-Falconer died somewhat suddenly at Brighton on Monday, aged fifty-six years. In 1874 Lord Beaconsfield appointed him to a Commissionership of Inland Revenue.

Mr. Donnelly is now pursuing politics as a relaxation from his cryptographic struggles. "I myself," he said, "cannot keep out of politics, and in this I follow Bacon's idea, by taking some part in public affairs to come back refreshed to one's literary labours."

Truth hears that the King and Queen of Italy presented a splendid diamond bracelet to Mdme. Crispi, the wife of the Prime Minister, as a New Year's gift. In the centre is a horseshoe, composed of twenty brilliants, all picked stones, and these enclose one superb sapphire, which fills the horseshoe.

PROBABLE BETROTHAL OF THE PRINCE OF BULGARIA.—It is probable that the betrothal of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria with the Princess Henriette, eldest daughter of the Count of Flanders, will shortly be announced officially.

A PRINCE'S NEW BOOK.—Crown Prince Rudolph, of Austria, who has already written two or three books of travel and sport, is about to publish another, under the title, "Illustrated Description of Sport in Austria." Only 2,000 copies will be issued, for private circulation.

A PETARD EXPLODED IN A PALACE.—A petard was exploded on a staircase in the Royal Palace at Madrid yesterday afternoon, at a time when the Queen was giving audiences. No one was injured, and only a few windows were broken. This is the seventh explosion of a petard which has taken place in the Spanish capital within the last ten days.

AN ALPINE CLIMATE REACHED BY THE EIFFEL TOWER.—M. Eiffel's tower has attained the height of 225 metres, and is therefore 164 ft. higher than the Great Pyramid of Gizeh, which is 543 ft. in altitude. The workmen are now in an Alpine climate, and were even enjoying sunshine yesterday when all beneath them was an ocean of fog. The second and third stories of the tower are now being decorated, and restaurants are in course of erection on them.

FOUR NEGROES "AVENGED" (!)—The four negroes who were sent to guard the French flag on the Alcatras Islands, off the coast of Senegal, and died at their posts of starvation, have been avenged. Yesterday in Paris M. Genouille, ex-Governor of Senegal, was summoned before the Tribunal of Correctional Police and was condemned to pay a fine of £24 for his negligence in leaving the unfortunate blacks to their fate. The ex-Governor has appealed against the sentence of the Police tribunal, which really found him guilty of "manslaughter by imprudence."

GOD "SENT A BAG OF SOVEREIGNS."—A bag of gold lost at Canterbury has been recovered under peculiar circumstances. It seems that a poor woman named Champ kicked against it as it lay on the pavement outside the bank. She picked it up and took it home, telling her husband, who was in bed dangerously ill, that the "Almighty had been kind to them, and had sent them this bag of sovereigns." She took out five or six of the coins and gave the remainder to her husband, who put them in the bag under his pillow. The woman went to a tradesman and purchased some goods, and it was in consequence of this that suspicion fell upon her. Yesterday morning the police visited her house, and found forty-six sovereigns concealed under the bed clothes. The money was at once given up.

A HEAVY MAIL.—The Royal Mail steamer *Servia*, which arrived at Queenstown on Sunday evening, was the bearer of the largest quantity of mails ever received by one ship in this country. In addition to her complement of passengers, a large quantity of specie, amounting to 384,100 dols. in silver bars, and a general cargo, she brought over from the United States no fewer than 781 sacks of mails, which included those received from Australia and New Zealand, viâ San Francisco. Out of this large number upwards of 700 bags were conveyed to London on Monday morning.

CADBURY'S COCOA is a refined concentration of the strength-sustaining principles of the flesh-forming constituents of the Cocoa-nib. Delicious, nutritious, easily digested, and of great economy, a sixpenny packet yielding fourteen large breakfast cups of perfect Cocoa. It is absolutely pure.

A. DUMAS PÈRE AS COOK AND HOST.

A CHARMING little sketch, entitled "A Day with A. Dumas Père," appears in the current number of the Weimar *Frauenberuf*, in which a compatriot of the great author tells how he spent a happy day with Dumas père at Venice. One morning a note was brought to the writer, the seal of which bore an Egyptian mummy, surrounded by the words, *Patiens quia æternum*. The note ran as follows:—"Dear Baron,—I saw you last night at the Opera. If you still remember your travelling companion of the Lake of Geneva and of the wonderful trip to the Rigi, come to the Hôtel Danieli, Riva degli Schiavoni. You will find there till eleven o'clock yours truly, A. Dumas."

A GOOD AUTHOR, BUT A BETTER COOK.

Alexandre Dumas (continues Baron D.) received me with expressions of great pleasure. He came to meet me in the corridor in his customary attire, without coat, waistcoat, or even shoes. This was his ordinary toilette, which he did not even change when a large circle of friends were invited. All the *beau monde* of Venice met at the Hôtel Danieli. Wealth, the arts and sciences, diplomatists, aristocrats—in fact, everybody came to see the great author and the big cutlets which he ate.

"Ah, my dearest, most charming Baron! I am glad to see you!" exclaimed Dumas: "I am just coming from the kitchen. Venice is heavenly: its women are lovely, but its cooking—why, its olives and risotto are heavy within me ever since I ate them yesterday. They say I am a good romancer, but I assure you I am a far better cook. I have invited a few friends to dinner; if you are disengaged, stay with us. You will? Very well. You shall have a meal which would please Lucullus, but first let us have luncheon. Come along; there are fresh oysters, salmon, Westphalian ham, a bottle of good Marsala, and very passable Havannah cigars."

THE BLACK ADMIRAL.

Before we sat down—Dumas had one of the best suites of rooms at the hotel—he whistled in a peculiar manner between his fingers. Immediately the door of the bedroom opened, and out came a small, woolly-haired creature, agile as a squirrel, with cunning little eyes, yellowish brown complexion, but on the whole a dainty little thing. It was a Malay boy of from twelve to fourteen years of age, who had all the distinctions and the weaknesses of his race. Dumas called the little mite "mon Amiral," and it was amusing to watch the contrast of Taja Api's little filigree figure and the strong, gigantic form of the great author. The whole "Admiral" could have found room in the pocket of Dumas' overcoat.

But Taja Api wore the elegant uniform of the naval officer because Dumas kept a yacht which at that time, I believe, he had left at Genoa. He had the boy always with him, although he was nothing but an amusing toy. Taja Api travelled everywhere with his master; it was he who chose the routes by which they travelled, and he was taken to every party and to every play. He dined with Dumas, and slept in the same bed with him.

Towards noon Dumas began to dress, Taja Api meanwhile whistling the favourite dances of his country, and beating time with his feet. Then we all three went for a walk in the San Marco-square, and entered the Café Florian. Here, where all the world was walking about, flirting and saluting, and where a dozen admirers were immediately round the celebrated writer, he sat in an iron arm-chair, rocking himself to and fro. Any other chair would have gone to pieces under the burden.

DUMAS IN THE FISH MARKET.

Presently Dumas rose, shook hands with me, called Taja Api, who was busily making grimaces at a little Italian through the window, and said: "I shall expect you to dinner at six, my dear Baron; I must now hurry away to buy lobsters, shellfish, &c., in order to make my début before you all with a new dish. *Au revoir.*" And taking leave of his admirers with a few witty remarks, he rushed away, the Admiral, like a weasel, by his side.

AN "AT HOME" AT M. DUMAS'.

Towards evening a small, illustrious party met in the drawing-room with the cherry-red plush hangings. Dumas sat at the head of a large table, ornamented with candles and bunches of Marsala roses. He wore his comfortable costume, consisting of shirt, trousers, and embroidered slippers. Round him on the table lay a number of his printed novels and some loose blank sheets, while at his left hand some Paris papers and pen and ink lay next to a half-consumed Strassburg *pâté de foie gras*.

Our amiable host kept the whole table lively. His *bons mots* and pointed remarks flew like glittering rockets from one guest to the other and even his questions about the secret police and the *chronique scandaleuse* of Venice showed his literary and artistic taste. The answers he jotted down on the scattered leaves, in order to use them in future work. The party was very animated, and the dinner excellent. The new dish was above praise, and while our palates feasted on the most delicate dainties, we were stimulated by the thought that Dumas—great Dumas—had for some hours been in the kitchen in order to show us that, though he had become a good author, he would have made an equally excellent cook.

A RELIC OF KHARTOUM.

GENERAL GORDON'S "DREAM OF GERONTIUS."

FRANK POWER, Gordon's companion at Khartoum, sent his sister a copy of Newman's "Dream of Gerontius," marked on the margin in pencil by General Gordon. Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co. have published a facsimile with lithograph inscription of this small volume. The marked passages are as follows—from Gerontius's opening:—

"Pray for me, O my friends;"
"'Tis death—O loving friends, your prayers!—'tis he!"
"O horror! this it is, my dearest, this;
So pray for me, my friends, who have not strength to pray."
"Prepare to meet thy God."
"Use well the interval."

The following is the longest passage which General Gordon marked. It is from the prayer of the "Assistants":—

Be merciful, be gracious; spare him, Lord.
Be merciful, be gracious; Lord, deliver him.
From the sins that are past;
From Thy frown and Thine ire;
From the perils of dying;
From any complying
With sin, or denying
His God, or relying
On self, at the last;
From the nethermost fire;
From all that is evil;
From power of the devil;
Thy servant deliver,
For once and for ever.
By the Spirit's gracious love,
Save him in the day of doom.

Then follows Gerontius's avowal:—

And I take with joy whatever
Now besets me, pain or fear,
And with a strong will I sever
All the ties which bind me here.

The last cry of Gerontius is also marked—

"Novissima hora est; and I fain would sleep,
The pain has wearied me. . . . Into thy hands,
O Lord, into thy hands." . . .

When the soul of Gerontius awakes in another world, General Gordon had marked the opening lines recounting the first experience of a disembodied spirit—

A strange refreshment: for I feel in me
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
And ne'er had been before. How still it is!
I hear no more the busy beat of time,
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse;
Nor does one moment differ from the next.
I had a dream; yes:—some one softly said
"He's gone;" and then a sigh went round the room

The Angel says—

My work is done.
My task is o'er.
And so I come.
Taking it home,
For the Crown is won;

and then follow two longish passages. The first is by the Angel on Man, and the Soul's response:—

O man, strange composite of heaven and earth!
Majesty dwarfed to baseness! fragrant flower
Running to poisonous seed! and seeming worth
Cloaking corruption! weakness mastering power!
Who never art so near to crime and shame,
As when thou hast achieved some deed of name.
The Angel-guardian knows and loves the ransomed race.
Now know I surely that I am at length
Out of the body; had I part with earth,
I never could have drunk those accents in,
And not have worshipped as a god the voice
That was so musical; but now I am
So whole of heart, so calm, so self-possessed,
With such a full content, and with a sense
So apprehensive and discriminant,
As no temptation can intoxicate.
Nor have I even terror at the thought
That I am clasped by such a saintliness.

The following are the other lines marked by Gordon, many of which apply with singular appositeness to his position while he was waiting death in leaguered Khartoum:—

Now that the hour is come, my fear is fled;
That calm and joy uprising in thy soul
Is first-fruit to thee of thy recompense,
And heaven begun.
His will be done!
I am not worthy e'er to see again
The face of day: far less His countenance.
And thou shalt see, amid the dark profound,
Whom thy soul loveth, and would fain approach.
Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful;
Most sure in all His ways!
I have no fear,—
In His dear might prepared for weal or woe.
O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.
Jesu! spare these souls which are so dear to thee.
O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe.
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love:
Take me away,
That sooner I may rise, and go above,
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

The last passage of all marked by Gordon is the closing stanza of the poem:—

Farewell, but not for ever! brother dear.
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow.

"NOTES ON MY WORK AS A PAINTER."

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL JOTTINGS BY MR. WALTER CRANE.

In the January number of the *Cosmopolitan* (Digby and Long) Mr. Walter Crane gives the following notes, among others, on his artistic career:—

REJECTED BY THE ACADEMY.

My first instructions in art were due to my father, himself an artist of some repute in his day, and a medallist at the Royal Academy; but at his death, when I was at the age of fourteen, I was thrown very much on my own resources. By constant practice, however, doing anything and everything almost that came in my way, and sketching out of doors, one gained a certain facility both in oil and water colour. My first exhibited picture was a small canvas showing "The Lady of Shalott" in her barge, which was in the Academy exhibition of 1862 in the old rooms at Trafalgar-square. Any elation I might have felt at this early success—I was then sixteen—was damped by my works being steadily refused by the Academy from that date till 1872, when I had another work (in water-colour, painted in Rome) exhibited.

CAUGHT BY THE PRE-RAPHAELITES.

I well remember my first sight of an Academy exhibition. It was the season of 1857, a noticeable period of English painting. Millais was then one of the most distinguished pre-Raphaelites, and his "Sir Isumbras" of that year (a knight carrying two children on his horse over a river) produced something like a critical storm. The effect of this and other kindred works, standing out as they did so remarkably from the conventional crowd, was very great; and the romantic section of the pre-Raphaelite school had all my sympathies. I continued to carry on my work in colour side by side with illustrative work, studying for a short period at the well-known evening school of Mr. Heatherley in Newman-street. The opening of the Dudley Gallery General Exhibition of Water-colour Drawings in 1865 and 1866 gave me an opportunity of showing my work. In 1879 I became a member of the Dudley Gallery committee; in 1882 the committee dissolved, many of its members, including myself, joining the Institute (now the Royal) of Painters in Water-colours, who opened their new galleries in Piccadilly in 1883. I have since resigned my membership of the Institute, and in the spring of the present year was elected an Associate of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours.

THE ARTIST AS HOUSE DECORATOR.

I am not one of those who draw any hard and fast line between decoration and other art, being of opinion that our modern distinctions in art are artificial, and could only exist in a period when the coherence and unity in the arts were broken up. There are of course distinctions, but distinctions rather than differences. In designing decoration I have been influenced by the same ideas as govern my other work, since I began to form a style at all. The only difference being that in applied decoration one's design is controlled by considerations of material and position. . . . In mosaic, the series of designs for the frieze of Sir Frederick Leighton's Arab hall, carried out by Messrs. Salviati, Burke and Co., and a set of panels in the house of Mr. J. Stuart Hodgson, by the Murano Company, may be mentioned. Of decorations planned and executed by me, or under my immediate direction, may be mentioned the saloon at Combe Bank, Sevenoaks, the house of the late Dr. William Spottiswoode, P.R.S. The ceiling consists of ornamental figures of the planets and the seasons in gesso-relief, gilt and silvered in various tones. The fireplace, which is also entirely from my designs, down to the brass furniture of the grate, contains panels of gesso also.

WOOD-ENGRAVING AND AT THE "ZOO."

My bias towards book-design and illustrative work was strong from an early period: and I remember making fancy pictures to Tennyson and Scott, copying out the text and making bordering illustrations to the words. At length in 1859 a further impetus in this direction occurred through some sketches of mine being shown to Mr. W. J. Linton, the eminent wood engraver, poet, and advanced politician. He at once offered to take me as a pupil, and I was apprenticed to him for three years; during that period becoming thoroughly acquainted with the conditions of wood engraving and its demands on the draughtsman and designer. At that time it was the custom for the book-illustrator to make his drawings on the wood itself. This has now been superseded by the use of photography, which has, however, led artists rather away from the conditions advisable to observe in design for surface printing which is intended to be printed with type. While with Linton I used to go to make studies of the animals at the Zoological Gardens, and I have always been fond of them, both in reality and in design.

FROM RUSKIN THROUGH MORRIS TO SOCIALISM.

From the time when I first began to think, under the influence chiefly, at first, of Ruskin's writings, and then of Emerson's, my sympathies were on the side of freedom. My association with a man like W. J. Linton, who took part in the Chartist movement, may have had its influence, as also, in the same direction, another old friendship. Anyway, I found my political and social sympathies leading me farther and farther, and my studies in art helped, until about 1885, hearing my friend William Morris on Socialism, and discussing the question with him, my opinions became still more decided in colour, and so I have been more or less associated with the movement ever since, lecturing and writing on the subject occasionally, chiefly from the artistic side.

IS SACCHARIN INNOCUOUS?

IN one of our business notes the other day on sugar refiners and new discoveries, we alluded to the action of the French Government in forbidding the importation of saccharin, on the ground of its deleterious properties. Another complexion is put upon the attitude of the French authorities by the following communication which we have received from Messrs. Wilson, Salamon, and Co., of 18, Billiter-street, who are the sole agents in Great Britain for the new product:—

About April last fears began to be entertained that saccharin might eventually oust sugar from its position as a sweetening condiment, and a crusade was started against it by Dr. Jules Worms, who read a paper before the Academy of Medicine of Paris, in which he urged the vital necessity of protecting the national revenue, agriculture, and industries from the threatened ravages of saccharin, and he said that in his experience of four cases in which he had administered saccharin three were affected dyspeptically by its use. Dr. Dujardin Beaumetz followed in the discussion, and, forgetful of the fact that he had only the week previously read a paper before the Société Therapeutique in which he said "he could not too forcibly recommend the use of saccharin," remarked that he had not observed the digestive troubles of which Dr. Worms spoke; on the contrary, all his experience tended in an opposite direction. "But," said he, "as our colleague has forcibly said, the considerable sweetening power of saccharin makes it, notwithstanding its high price, a dangerous rival to sugar, and therefore the question of hygiene must exceed that of therapeutics." The criticisms on these statements in some of the leading French papers were so hostile that it was felt more independent testimony was required to convince the public mind that saccharin was noxious. Accordingly Dr. Worms came to London to interview Dr. Pavey, the celebrated specialist in diabetes, on the subject, who told Dr. Worms that in his experience of the substance, which was very considerable, he had never observed any evil consequences to arise from its free use. On his return to Paris, Dr. Worms stated publicly that Dr. Pavey, like himself, had observed dyspeptic troubles to arise from the use of saccharin, and had accordingly discontinued advising its employment. This statement being the exact opposite of the words Dr. Pavey uttered, that gentleman published in the *Lancet* of November 3 last an emphatic and indignant denial of the construction Dr. Worms had placed upon his statements, and he wrote at the same time explicitly that in his opinion saccharin was not only harmless, but in many cases absolutely beneficial, especially where sugar was contra indicated. We quote the last sentence of the message of M. Lepère, Secrétaire-Général de la Préfecture de Police, appointing the Commission to report upon saccharin, as it throws very considerable light on the later action of the Government:—"The use of this new product threatens the interests of the Treasury, of agriculture, and of the sugar industries. *It is also possible it may injure the public health.*" Naturally after such a communication the report of the Commission was adverse, and a Presidential decree was issued on the 2nd ult. prohibiting the importation of saccharin into France, but inasmuch as the order has given grave offence to all except those specially interested in banning the new product, and has to be ratified by the Senate, we are not without hope that such consent may be withheld, in which case the decree must be revoked.

We trust the importance of the subject to the general public may plead our excuse for such considerable trespass on your space; but we would like to add that no medical man outside France has ever uttered a word or given an opinion otherwise than most favourable to saccharin. Drs. Thomas Stevenson and L. C. Wooldridge, of Guy's Hospital, published in the *Lancet* of November 17, 1888, a report of very exhaustive experiments made with saccharin, with a view to determining whether its dietetic use was innocuous, and the summary of this report was as follows:—"We conclude that (1) saccharin is quite innocuous when taken in quantities largely exceeding what would be taken in any ordinary dietary. (2) Saccharin does not interfere with or impede the digestive processes when taken in any practicable quantity. (3) Our personal experience is that saccharin may be taken for an extended period without interfering with the digestive and other bodily functions, hence there is no reason to think that its continued use is in any way harmful." Such words from such authorities speak for themselves and need no comment, but we also possess further favourable testimony from the most eminent medical men and scientists of England, France, Germany, and Italy, which, together with the letters and reports above alluded to, you will find in the pamphlet entitled "A Vindication of Saccharin," which we published for the purpose of refuting what we cannot help considering as the perverted and interested reports of the French authorities.

In contradistinction to the action of France, the Dutch Government, who likewise appointed a medical Commission to report, have decided that saccharin is perfectly innocuous, and its importation into the Netherlands is officially declared to be allowed. The Belgian and Austrian Governments, acting on the advice of their Academies of Medicine, have likewise decided that there is no reason to prohibit the importation of saccharin into those countries. Thus if we except the prohibition of saccharin in breweries in this country the French is the only Government which has decreed its banishment, but it should be remembered that such articles as pork, lucifer matches, and velveteens cannot be imported into France. With respect to the action of the English Government Mr. Goschen, when he asked Parliament for power to interdict the use of saccharin, specially said that he did so on revenue grounds alone, because if saccharin were to displace some sugar in the breweries it would entail a loss of a million per annum to the Exchequer. Inasmuch as to brew beer a fermentable substance is required to produce alcohol, and saccharin is not only non-fermenting but absolutely antiseptic, the value of the argument employed is not very great. Mr. Goschen's action has served not only to prevent the public obtaining a lighter and more palatable beer than can be brewed without saccharin, but prevents brewers employing a substance which is at once a preservative and a flavouring condiment, and which from its very nature could only be used in such minute quantities as not to affect the revenue one iota.

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